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AT THE BREAK OF DAY.

BY ARNOLD ISLER

- Leaving silent chamber
 For the sylvan lawn;
 Viewing Nature's beauties
 At the break of dawn;
 For Nature seemeth fairest,
 (So the poets say);
 Loveliest and liveliest,
 At the break of day.
- Listening to the murmurs
 Of waters flowing by;
 Beautiful deep river!
 Clear as a maiden's eye.
 Merrily and cheerfully
 Rippling away:
- Rippling away;
 Every thing seemeth lively
 At the break of day.
- Listening to the song-birds,
 So fall of love and cheer;
 Flitting through the branches,
 Ofttimes flitting near.
 Deliciously caroling
 Morning hours away;
 Every thing seemeth lively
 At the break of day.

- Listen, birds, oh, listen!
 Some sweet voice I hear;
 Yes, it is my darling,
 Coming, coming near!
 Pretty dark-eyed Katie,
 Ever blithe and gay,
 Singing in the morning,
 At the break of day.
- Hnllo! here is Rover,
 Standing on a rail!
 Jolly little fellow
 Wiggling his tail!
 Hears somebody whistling—
 Quickly runs away:
 Revery thing seemeth lively
 At the break of day.
- Golden sun appearing
 In the distant East,
 Majestically rising—
 Heavens! what a feast!
 Every thing seemeth lovely,
 Pleasant, bright and gay—
 Every thing seemeth lively
 At the break of day!

The Wronged Heiress:

The Vultures of New York. A WEIRD ROMANGE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO V SHE?" "BAFFLED; OR, THE DEBENHAM PROP-ERTY;" "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRTAM BRE-VORST'S SECRET," ETC.

> CHAPTER IV. FRIEND AND FOE

THESE words had scarcely passed the villain's lips when the door was pushed suddenly and violently open, and a young man

dashed into the apartment.
"Don't be too sure of that!" he exclaimed, drawing a pistol from the breast pocket of the hunting-jacket he had on, as he sprung to Mabel's rescue.

Bill Cuppings turned to confront the intruder. But he was taken wholly unawares by the suddenness of the unexpected onslaught. Before he could stir from his tracks, the young man had brought the butt of the pistol he carried down upon his head with stunning force. The villain reeled, caught helplessly at

the empty air, then fell like a log to the As Mabel turned, her heart full of gratitude to thank her deliverer, an exclamation

of surprise escaped her lips. "Philip Jocelyn! Is it possible?" The young man echoed her cry. "You, Mabel, you? I can scarcely believe the evi-

dence of my senses." He did, indeed, look very much bewildered. "I heard your cry for help," he added, hastily. "But I had not the slightest idea

to whose assistance I was hurrying."

He was a tall, handsome fellow, of some twenty-two years of age. His face was the type of a manly beauty, the features being regular and full of a noble resolution and unflinching courage. In brief, his was the sort of countenance to inspire instinctive

And thus did Mabel Trevor interpret its varying expression. It was merely the recognition of one noble soul by another. She had met Philip Jocelyn the previous summer while he was on the Jersey coast

for a month's fishing and hunting. Congeniality of tastes in most respects had brought them frequently together during those four happy weeks. When the brief, bright month was over, Philip had gone back to his city home to take up the old life of aristocratic do-nothingness, and a wall had been built up between the two which no friendly meetings and no messages of any sort had beaten down.

Now the young man held out his hand to Mabel with all the old winning frankness that had charmed her in the bright days of

"I can not tell you how rejoiced I am to meet with you once more," he said, gently.

Mabel's long lashes swept her cheeks as she murmured, softly, in reply:
"How does it happen that you are here,

Mr. Jocelyn, in this lonely wood?"
"I came down from New York with a party of friends for a week's hunting. Tonight I happened to stray away from my companions and became somewhat bewildered by the intricate windings of the forest. Some fortunate chance directed my footsteps to this spot, and I reached the house just in season to hear your scream

for help, and that villain's last words.

He contemptuously touched Bill Cuppings' prostrate body with his foot as he



Before he could stir, the young man brought the butt of his pistol down upon his head with stunning force.

Mabel shuddered. "You arrived just in | time to save my life," she said. "Good God! That villain did not really intend to kill you?'

"I am sure that he did."

Philip Jocelyn opened wide his eyes in utter amazement. "I did not think he was quite so desperate. What had you done that he should seek your life?" Nothing. "Why are you here, so far away from

"I had set out for New York, and lost my way. I intended to take the night train

He looked at her somewhat curiously. "Why were you going to New York?" he asked.

"Granny Wells is dead. I must seek a new home somewhere. Besides, I have another motive more powerful than all the rest, for wishing to go to the city."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

She briefly related her simple story—Mrs. Laudersdale's visit to the old hovel—Gran-

ny Wells' sudden death-her own mad journey, and the encounter with Bill Cup-Philp Jocelyn's face grew very pale as he

"This is a strange story," he said, when Mabel ceased to speak. "I hardly know what to make of it. Had any other person related it to me, I should instantly have set

him down as a madman.' Mabel clasped her hands and gave him an appealing look. "I am not mad," she cried. "I have told you the truth from first to last."

"I believe that you have," he returned gravely. "I would as soon doubt the word of an angel in heaven. It is very fortunate that we chanced to meet. I can take you directly to Woodlawn."

"Do you know the Laudersdales?"

He might have added that he was regarded as Marcia Denvil's lover by many, but did not choose to do so. "I can see how it is," cried Mabel, lifting

a penetrating glance to his face. "The Laudersdales are your friends. You are re-luctant to think ill of them." "That is true."

"And they will be sure to hate you if you befriend me." 'I care not for that," he returned, ear-stly. "If Mrs. Laudersdale is the wicked

woman you think her, I have no desire for her friendship."

"She sought my life—I know she did,"

sobbed Mabel. "Do you not recognize that man lying at your feet?" The young man leaned over Bill's motionless figure and scannel his features. "No," he replied, after a pause. "I do

He said he was Mrs. Laudersdale's ser-"It is possible."

"And that she sent him here to take my Philip answered nothing. He seemed buried in deep thought for some minutes. "You think Mrs. Laudersdale's husband knew nothing of the whole affair?" he said,

"I am sure of it. He would befriend me, I think, if I could once gain an inter-view with him." It is only that infamous

woman I have to fear."

At this juncture, Bill Cuppings' breast began to heave, and the muscles of his face to twitch convulsively.

"The poor wretch is reviving," cried Mabel, to whose quick eye not a movement was lost. "Let us leave this place at once. The owner of the house may return at any moment, and then we will have double odds to contend against."

What do you mean?" "He is a friend and ally of that man." "Then the sooner we are off the better."
Bill's breathing was now perfectly audible. Philip raised him to a sitting posture, leaning his head against the wall. Then he

hastily quitted the house, leading Mabel by the hand A few rods distant the horses Mabel and her would-be murderer had ridden to this spot were found busily browsing. They hurriedly mounted the backs of the faithful brutes, their movements somewhat accelerated by the sound of a heavy footstep en-tering the house, and the murmur of voices

They had scarcely struck into the nearest discernible path when a loud shout rung on the air behind them, and two or three sistol-shots were fired in rapid succession

pistol-shots were fired in rapid succession.

The bullets whizzed harmlessly over the heads of the fugitives. "We are just in time," said Philip, in a low, deep tone of voice, as they put spurs to their horses. "Mine host of the black house in the woods has evidently arrived."

woods has evidently arrived."

They rode as rapidly as the darkness and the intricate windings of the forest would permit. There were no further signs of pursuit, however. Soon after midnight the trees became sparser and smaller, and finally the fugitives emerged into the open coun-

After a short gallop across the fields, they reached a small farm-house. Here they sought shelter for the night which was readily accorded by the hospita-

In the morning they discovered that there was a small station only about four miles distant, from whence they could take the cars to New York.
Though jaded and worn, they decided to

resume their journey at the earliest practi-cable moment. Consequently, long ere the cable moment. Consequently, long ere the sun had reached its meridian, they were on the way to the city.

About mid-afternoon they stood outside one of the smaller gates leading into the ex-tensive grounds which were the glory of

Here Mabel detained her companion. have nothing more to fear," she said ingen-uously. "Let me say good-by to you here."
"And why good-by?" he asked, evincing

no slight degree of surprise.
"I prefer to go on to the house alone.
He looked at her sharply. "I thin "I think I comprehend your object in leaving me here," he said, after a moment's thinking.

wish to spare me all unpleasant consequences that are likely to accrue from having piloted you to this spot,"

Mabel blushed and seemed not a little confused. "I am no coward," he added, hastily.
"Let us move on. I will see Mrs. Lauders-dale myself."

"No, no, no. Indeed I would rather go alone. It is best that I should."

He looked puzzled, at a loss. "Something might happen to you," he urged. "If Mrs. Laudersdale is really the infamous woman you think her, your appearance at Woodlawn will drive her desperate. She will leave no means untried to accomplish your destruction"

your destruction."
"I do not fear her," said Mabel, bravely.
"I shall ask to see Mr. Laudersdale, in the first place, and tell him my story."
"Do so."

"I am sure he will protect me, though I can not give a very satisfactory reason for my faith, other than his wife's overweening esire to keep us apart.'

Philip Jocelyn seemed strangely grave and thoughtful. A dim foreboding of evil shot through heart and brain as he stood there with that helpless girl leaning so confidingly on his own.

idingly on his arm.

"May God keep you and watch over you,
Mabel," he said, in a thrilling whisper.

"I am sure that He will."

You will remain at Woodlawn—I may
call to-morrow to see you?"

call to-morrow to see you?"

"Yes," she answered, "you may come."
And then they parted.
Mabel passed in at the gate, and walked slowly along a shaded path that led up to

Though she knew it not, a man's figure rose from the shrubbery only a few feet from where she and Philip had been stand-

ing, and noiselessly followed her.

She had accomplished less than half the distance to the house when, on turning a sudden bend in the path, she came face to face with a woman who was advancing in

tace with a woman who was advancing in the opposite direction.

That woman was Mrs. Laudersdale.

Mabel stood for a moment as if riveted to the spot. The knowledge of the imminent peril that must, perforce, threaten her in that wicked Jezebel's presence, shot with

lightning-like rapidity upon her mind.

She stood as if stricken dumb, her face blanched to the ashen hue of a corpse. All power of locomotion seemed to have left

her trembling limbs. While she stood thus, helpless and speechless, a mocking laugh sounded close to her ear, and the voice of Bill Cuppings-the man she had left lying in a half-senseless condition in the lone house in the woods-

cried out in a loud, jeering tone: Caught, caught again, my lady!"

CHAPTER V.

TWO PRECIOUS SCOUNDRELS. BEFORE following the further fortunes of

our heroine, let us go back for a few minutes, to the lone house in the woods.

Philip Jocelyn and Mabel had scarcely left the building in their precipitate flight, and Bill Cuppings was slowly rising to his feet, his senses fully restored, when a new-

comer made his appearance on the scene. This person was a man of about fifty years of age. He was of herculean build, square-shouldered, deep-chested, with long and muscular arms. His physiognomy was any thing but prepossessing, the mouth being coarse and sensual, the chin protruding, the nose being incongruously sharp and thin, and ending in a very well-defined

In short, he bore a slight but decided re-

semblance to Bill Cuppings himself.

Not needlessly to puzzle the reader, we will here inform him that the two men were brothers. They went by different names, however, and never acknowledged the relationship, save to each other.

The new-comer had selected for himself the cognomen of Miles Duff. We use the word "selected" advisedly. He had no legal claim to the name, but was invariably spoken of as "Miles" by his

confreres, very few of whom, if any, knew his true patronymic. Indeed, he had passed under so many aliases during his eventful career, that he scarcely knew it himself.

Need we say that Bill Cuppings was also an assumed name?

Miles, who was the master of the house of whom Bill had made mention to Mabel Trevor—had been beating the bushes for an hour or two, in search of game upon which to make his frugal supper. The instant he reached the clearing in which the house stood, he had caught the gleam of

the candle-light in the kitchen window.

Angry at the thought that anybody should dare take possession of his premises in his absence, he had hurried to his house —unwittingly passing Philip and Mabel in the darkness—and had crossed the threshold with no gentle tread.

"Who in the devil's name are you?" he growled out, catching a glimpse of a man's figure leaning against the wall. Striding a step or two nearer, he recog-

nized his brother.
"You, Bill!" he exclaimed, recoiling. What brought you here at this particular

The rough passed his hands once or twice across his brow, as if to clear away some mist that still brooded darkly there. A fierce, tigerish gleam came into his evil-

"They're gone," he muttered, between his teeth, without paying the slightest at-

tention to the new-comer's interrogations. They're gone, confound them.

"Who's gone?" said Miles.
"The girl and the fellow who spirited her away. But it may not be too late to fol-low them. Miles," turning suddenly to his brother, "do you happen to have a pistol w them. Miles," turning suddenly to his other, "do you happen to have a pistol out you?"

"Yes, as I have said, a daughter Marcia,"

"And what was the mother's name?"

"In the days of her widowhood—Martha pocket, as he answered." his pocket, as he answered.

Give it me." Bill snatched the revolver, and darted eagerly to the door, where he stood listening intently for a moment. The dull thud of hoofs could plainly be heard, borne to his ears on the still night air.

"They've taken the horses," he cried, and a yell of rage and fury broke from his lins

He discharged the revolver in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, but as the reader already knows, without result. The fugitives were already beyond his reach, since he would be compelled to pursue them on foot, if any pursuit was at-

Realizing the futility of any further efforts, he retraced his steps to the smokebegrimed kitchen, where he found Miles tranquilly awaiting his coming. "What's up?" said the latter, the instant

he made his appearance.
"The very devil is to pay!"

"What do you mean? Bill briefly related what had happened.
"My mistress sent me to kill that girl," he said, in conclusion, "and now she has escaped me. I was idiot enough to tell her who sent me on this tom-fool's errand,

Miles gave a low whistle. "You're in for "I should think as much. Of course the girl will tell the whole story to the man

who rescued her." "Of course." "Curse him! He gave me an ugly blow

-knocked the senses clean out of me "Who was he?" "Don't know his name. A young snob,

who visits occasionally at Woodlawn."
"Do you think he knew you?"
"Can't say," growled Bill. "It isn't likely. I've only seen him at a distance, before

"You saw him close enough to-night, in all conscience," laughed Miles. "Yes, curse him!"

"What will you do?"
"Don't know." Bill dropped his head dejectedly into the palms of his hands, leaning an elbow on either knee. "I say, Miles," he cried out, after a moment's thinking, "can't you help a fellow?"
"Maybe. What can I do?"

"Go back to New York with me." "And be ready for any emergency that

I'll think about it." Bill looked at him curiously. "Why are

you staying here?" he asked,
"The fact is," returned Miles, coolly, "the city became too hot to hold me, some weeks since. This lonely spot has long been my retreat at such times, you know." "Yes, I am well aware of that fact."

The villain had, indeed, spoken truly. This house in the woods was a retreat to which he had for years been in the habit of hastening—for the benefit of his health, as he enerally expressed it—whenever the beaks became more than usually solicitous to cultivate his acquaintance.

But I think I may now venture to re turn to the city. Of course I will go if I can be of the slighest use to my loving bro-

Bah! Mrs. Laudersdale will pay you well, if that is what you mea "Pay me well for what?"

"Any service you may be so fortunate as "Of course," tipping Bill a sly wink.
"This Mrs. Laudersdale has long been the goose who lays your golden eggs, I understand. I can't do better than to cultivate

her acquaintance. "I am sure of that," dryly.
"It's a wonder I never chanced to meet her, since you have been in her good graces "I don't know. You never come to

Woodlawn." Humph!" sneered Miles, "you never wished me to come—until you had use for

Bill folded his arms complacently, and looked at his brother.
"I had a character to sustain," he said.

"You are too well known in New York and it would have ruined me if our relationship was suspected." "We are just as nearly related to-night

as we were last week, or last year." "Humph! Circumstances alter cases. This is an emergency, and I must not be too particular. It is necessary that I reach Woodlawn in advance of this girl, and with the help of Mrs. Laudersdale, concoct some scheme for disposing of her before she has time to work mischief.'

"And you think I can assist you?" There is not time to look elsewhere for the help we are likely to need."
A brutal sneer curled Miles' lip.
"Very good," he muttered. "But before

I consent to any such arrangement as this you propose, I'd like to know something more of Mrs. Laudersdale herself." 'What do you wish to know?'

"Who and what is she?" "Shall I begin as far back in her history as I know any thing of it myself?"

"Then you must be content with one or two details. Her private history is a secret from the world, and she wishes it to remain such. "I thought so."

"It was seventeen years ago that I first fell in with her. She was a blooming widow at the time-or so represented herselfshrewd, clear-headed, and unprincipled. She had been on the stage, playing a minor part in the lower grade of theaters."

Go on." "At Saratoga, where she went to spend some of her superfluous cash one summer, she met Mr. Laudersdale, who was at the time an apparently inconsolable widower. Well, this wily woman played her cards to perfection and soon won him from the contemplation of his grief."

"Don't come the sentimental, Bill."
"How can I help it? To cut short my story, this far-sighted widow married Mr. Laudersdale and thus gained a luxurious home for herself and her daughter, Mar-

Marcia P Miles had been indolently reclining in one of the rush-bottomed chairs with which the kitchen was furnished. But at the mention

of that name, he sprung suddenly to his

feet. "Had Mrs. Laudersdale a daughter before she married her present husband?" he asked, in a low, breathless tone of voice.

An irrepressible cry escaped the lips of Miles. His face became terribly convulsed with passion. Surprise, hate, rage, bewilderment, all seemed to be struggling for the mastery in his countenance. His fingers twitched, his lips trembled.

Bill looked at him sharply. "What's the matter?" he asked. "What ails you, man?"

Miles dropped into his chair again, and sat with his face hidden for many minutes. "Strange, strange," his companion heard him mutter, huskily, after a long and sullen silence. "Strange that I should hear of her after all these years, and in this way."

At last he raised his head. He had suc-

ceeded in banishing from his countenance every trace of the emotion that had so re-cently convulsed it, save a slight pallor that lingered about the lips.
"This Marcia Denvil of whom you spoke

just now," he began, quite composedly, "does she, too, live at Woodlawn with her mother?" "She does."

"And is treated like an own daughter by Mr. Laudersdale?"

The eyes of the two men met. Miles' expressed nothing save a sullen, dogged sort of resolution. Those of Bill Cuppings twinkled with cunning and ill-concealed

curiosity. "You are not doing the fair thing by me Miles," he said, suddenly.
"What do you mean?"

"You are keeping a secret from your own brother. "Perhaps."
"I don't like it," muttered Bill. "I was

frank and free enough with you."

Miles spread out the five fingers of his right hand, and for the next few minutes had all the appearance of being engaged in a profound study of their different propor-

"I don't wish to be bothered," he said, rousing himself at last. "If I have a secret—and mind that I do not own up to any thing of the sort—you shall know it in good time. I can promise nothing further."

"I dislike being trusted by halves," grumbled Bill, feeling any thing but satisfied.

Miles rose up from his chair to end the My mind is made up," he said, gruffly.

"I'm going to the city to join in your plans, heart and soul. But we must have a bite of supper before we set out." "Is there any train to-night?"
"Yes, the three o'clock express. We can

reach the station in time. "Mabel Trevor will also take the cars for the city, unless I am very much mistaken. Is there no chance of intercepting her on

"Not the slightest, since we can not tell what route she will take. The most we can do is to look for her at the station."

This the two worthy confederates did, when they reached Milton in the cold and darkness of the morning. But no glimpse of the hapless girl rewarded this careful As the reader is already aware, she and

Philip Jocelyn did not set out for the city until some hours later. On arriving in New York, Bill proceeded at once to Woodlawn, that he might acquaint Mrs. Laudersdale with the imminent

danger that menaced her.

Miles lingered in the neighborhood to learn precisely when his services were likely to be needed. Early in the afternoon, Bill sought him out in the retreat he had

elected—a low dram-shop. The girl has not been heard from as "But my mistress is of yet," he said. "But my mistress is of opinion that she will make her appearance before the day is ended. You an I I are to keep a ciose watch on the various entrances to the grounds, prepared to act as the emergencies of the case may seem to war-

Miles nodded a ready acquiescence.
"I shall soon come face to face with my Lady Laudersdale," he muttered, on the way to Woodlawn. "I'd run any risk for the privilege of confronting her once more. And a strange smile curled his lips.

CHAPTER VI. A CAPTURED DOVE.

WE have now followed the course of events up to the moment when Mabel Trevor so unexpectedly encountered Mrs. Laudersdale, her most deadly and dangerous enemy, in the grounds at Woodlawn, while attempting to approach the house.

As we related in a former chapter, while she stood as if frightened out of her wits by the sudden meeting, the well-known voice of Bill Cuppings had exclaimed, close to

her ear:
"Caught, caught again, my lady!"
"Caught, caught again, my lady!" Even as he spoke, the villain's brawny hand descended on her shoulder, where it fastened itself in a vise-like grip.

Mabel's brain reeled, and she grew giddy with terror. She tried to speak, to call out, but only a faint cry escaped her trembling

"None of your screeching," growled the brute, who held her fast. "It will do you no scrt of good."

"Stop her mouth, Bill," said Mrs. Laudersdale, angrily. "Somebody might hear her if she were to scream for help."
"All right," and he dropped his disen-

gaged hand over the mouth of the helpless

"Thought to get ahead of us, did you?"
he jeered, putting his face close to her white
and quivering one. "Bah! You are in
our power again. And no handsome young fellow is likely to come to your rescue this

True, true! Oh, why had she not suffered Philip to go with her to the house, as he wished? But it was now too late for regrets.

A film came before Mabel's eyes as she realized this fact. The cold, cruel face of the man and woman bending over her seemed to recede of a sudden, and grow dim and ill-defined. They soon vanished altogether, and her hands fell listlessly to her side.

She had fainted. "Good," chuckled Bill. "That's what I call clever of her. She has saved me a world of trouble."
"Yes, yes."

"Now, what's to be done with her?" Before Mrs. Laudersdale could frame any reply to this question, a step sounded in the gravel-walk, and a man stood beside them as suddenly as if he had risen from the

Mrs. Laudersdale gave him a frightened glance, then looked again. Her eyes riveted themselves on his face, and slowly dilated as if they were staring at some ghastly and awful horror. Her own face blanched to the ashen hue of a corpse, and the perspiration broke out in beads upon her brow Slowly her trembling lips unclosed. "Oh, just Heaven!" she moaned.

Then, by a superhuman effort of the will, she conquered the deadly faintness that was fast stealing away her senses, and stretching out both her quivering hands to the new-comer, she gasped: "For God's sake, who are you?"

"Miles Duff, at your service," was the

ready reply.

It was, indeed, the clever scoundrel whom we have introduced to the reader under that Mrs. Laudersdale advanced nearer and nearer to the man, as if enticed onward by some fatal fascination she was wholly pow-

erless to resist. It's a lie!" she shrieked. "You are not Miles Duff! You are—"
"Hush!"

The villain put up his hand warningly, at the same time glancing apprehensively to-

ward Bill. "It is at your own peril that you speak that name," he muttered. "You'd better be cautious."

Mrs. Laudersdale seemed surprised at his words and manner. She had evidently looked for something different on his part. Dropping into a garden seat that stood near, she slowly wiped the cold damps of

fear from her brow.
"Take care," Miles hissed, again, close to her ear. She looked at him, trembling from head

'I thought you were dead," she muttered. "You mean that you hoped I was?"
"You can not blame me if I did."
"No," he sneered. "You've played a

very clever game, Martha."
"Not a word of that, now." At this moment, it was she who looked apprehensive. Strengthening every nerve to meet the critical situation in which she

found herself, she had succeeded in regain-

found herself, she had succeeded in regaining her composure.

"Betray nothing," she whispered, "until we have had a long talk together. I think we'll come to an understanding."

"Perhaps," said Miles, significantly.
Bill had been covertly watching the two for some minutes. "You and Mrs. Laudersdale are old friends," he muttered, sullenly, turning to his brother. "Why didn't you tell me all about it last night?"

"There wasn't much to tell." answered 'There wasn't much to tell," answered Miles

I know better." "We are losing time," Mrs. Laudersdale now broke in, pointing to the inanimate form of poor Mabel, which was still reclining in Bill's arms. "This path is much frequented, and we are liable to be interrupted at any moment. Something must be done with that girl before she recovers

"Of course," said Miles.

Mrs. Laudersdale looked at him sharply. "How does it happen that you are here at this opportune moment?" she asked. It was Bill Cuppings who answered.

"Don't you remember? I told you that I had engaged somebody to help me in looking after the girl." "And he is the man? Ah, yes. I un-rstand it all now."

She drew a deep breath of relief.
"What will we'do with the girl? Quick; let us come to some decision.

"She can't well be taken from the grounds until after nightfall," said Miles. Mrs. Laudersdale sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two. Then she started

'I have it!" she exclaimed. "You can take her to the boat-house, for the present. It is quite secluded. Nobody will be going nigh the place to-day.

'Perfectly so. You have the key, Bill?" "Then the sooner you are off the bet-

The two men nodded assent to this re-Mabel was raised between them, and they took a short cut across the grounds, walking as rapidly as possible, Bill leading the way.

Mrs. Laudersdale remained on the spot

where the meeting had taken place. The two villains, with their precious burden, penetrated the shrubbery, passed through a small grove and a second fringe of bushes, finally emerging at a small stone building on the bank of the river.

shrubbery growing close to the wall on every side save that fronting on the water. Even that was overrun with wild vines. The only windows of which the place could boast were two or three gratings placed high up in the stone masonry.
"Tolerably secure, isn't it?" said Bill,

This building was hidden by the thick

smiling grimly, as he produced a key from one of his pockets.

"Humph! A regular little Bastile."

"So much the better." Bill thrust the key into the lock, then turned to look at

his brother. "Miles," he said, "what sort of an understanding is there between yourself and that woman?"

"To what woman do you refer?"
"You know perfectly well—Mrs. Lau-

"Patience, patience. I promised to tell you in due time. You ought to be content with that promise." 'How do I know you ever intend to fulfill it ?"

"You have my word."
"Pah!" Bill looked as if he thought Miles' word was not always to be trusted. He said nothing more, however, but proceeded to unlock the door of the boat-

The instant he had done this, Miles swung on his heel. "You can have no further use for me now," he muttered. "I'm

Bill, with a lowering brow, looked after his burly form until it was lost to sight among the bushes. "The rogue thinks to gain time for a

word with my Lady Landersdale," he said, between his teeth. "Never mind. It will go hard if I don't circumvent those cunning devils yet, and surprise their secret."

He pushed open the nail-studded door

of the boat-house, and carefully laid the

girl's senseless figure on a pile of boughs in one corner of the interior.

Then he watched by her side until she began to exhibit signs of returning con-

"She's a regular beauty," he muttered, watching the color as it slowly returned to her lips and cheeks. "It's a pity to kill her, after all. It's a pity, and shall not be done at mistress' nod, or that of anybody

Having come to this conclusion, he rose hastily and passed out of the boat-house, taking care to lock the door securely behind

Then he wended his way swiftly back to

Then he wented his way swiftly back to the upper portion of the garden.

As he had expected, he found Miles there before him, in earnest converse with Mrs. Laudersdale, on the very spot where he had left the latter. He sought to approach them as noiselessly as possible, but only succeeded in overheaving a single sentence. succeeded in overhearing a single sentence.

This was uttered by Mrs. Laudersdale herself, and only served to increase his curiosity a hundred-fold. Her remark was this:

"I will make it for your interest to keep

the secret." The two separated hastily on seeing Bill. The artful woman turned to him with one of her most bewildering smiles when he joined them, "Every thing works well, so far," she said. "To-night the deed must be done. And you must take care that your victin does not escape you this time.' "Of co !rse."

Bill did not think it best to say any thing of the sudden decision to which he had come. He understood too well the sort of woman with whom he had to deal.

"I think we understand each other perfectly well," she resumed, turning to go. "When this affair is over, you may come

to me for reward."

Having given expression to her wishes in this manner, she walked hurriedly toward the house. Left alone together, the two men pre-

served a thoughtful silence for some minutes. Each seemed to be weighing some matter of importance in his mind. Bill was the first to speak.

"Miles," he said, looking sharply at his brother, "I've changed my mind somewhat. That girl's life must be saved at all

Miles smiled and nodded. The very remark I was about to make

The younger villain seemed just a little disconcerted. "Why should you take an interest in Mabel Trevor's welfare?" he

Bah! Don't I know what a cunning devil that woman is who has just left us? She must have some very powerful motive for wishing to take Mabel's life."

"Humph! Don't you take? The girl may be worth her weight in gold to us one of these days."

'That is true." Bill smiled as he made this reply. Mrs. Laudersdale had confided pretty fully in him since his return from that fruitless ex-

him since his return from that truttless expedition to Berlin. He could have given much more of Mabel's private history, and his mistress' reasons for hating and fearing the girl than Miles imagined.

"I'd better keep a close tongue in my head," he thought. "My worthy brother has no particular claim to my confidence so far as the girl is concerned. He will be more likely to help me if I am silent than if I speak out."

Of course you will contrive to give Mrs. Laudersdale to understand that the girl is dead?" said Miles, after a moment's think-

"Of course."
"What's to be done with her?"

"Have you no idea?"
"None." He knitted his brow in perplexed thought. We will not undertake to say how many pictures of golden eggs danced before his mental vision in the next few minutes. At last he turned to his bro

ther with a cry of satisfaction.
"I have it," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands briskly together. "I think I know of a person who would take charge of the girl and keep her out of sight for some time

"To whom do you refer?"
"To a woman called Het Bender."

"Who is Het Bender?" "Not so fast, not so fast, my respectable brother," chuckled Miles. "I will tell you more about her, perhaps, when I know that she will assist us." "What is done must be done this very

"Yes, yes. I'll be off directly, see this woman, and communicate with you again early this evening."

'Very good." The two men shook hands and parted. (To be continued—commenced in No. 130.)

THE

Winged Messenger: RISKING ALL FOR A HEART.

BY MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE EBON MASK," "OATH-BOUND," LOVE-BLIND," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XII. OH, HOW NEAR!

IF Ellis Dorrance and Isabel Lefevre were stupefied and stunned by finding the room vacant, Florence Arbuthnot was no ess so, when she alighted from the carriage and entered the roadside cabin.

There was but one room, and it was desolate of human presence, almost of any signs of there ever having been residents in

She turned to Jim Palmer with a troubled, inquiring gaze.
"I thought you said we should find your relatives here?"
"Did I? Really I don't remember what I did say; only I know I haven't a relative

in the world.' He shut and barred the door as he spoke. With a sick apprehension rushing over her soul, Florence turned to him. "Why then did you bring me here, Mr.

But the wild, hunted look in her eyes told she had suspected the truth. "Because I think you are just the pret-

tiest, finest girl ashore, and I pitied you in that fourth-story room "And I am entrapped! Oh, God help me and save me!"

"No use praying so long as you can touch bottom, you know, Miss Florence. You don't think I'm going to kill you now, do

She had retreated to the far end of the room, where the rays of the lantern Palmer had set on a rude table, penetrated the

Her lips were quivering, her heart frozen with despair and terror.

Palmer leaned nonchalantly against the

door, looking satisfiedly at her.

"It's not so snug a place as I have seen, to be sure, but there's the advantage of the lonely road, where a traveler doesn't pass once a furnisht." once a fortnight

She trembled at the ill-concealed triumph in his tone. "But, Mr. Palmer, why should you detain me? I'm sure I never harmed you, by word or deed to make you my enemy; and your friend, Mr. Chessom, will never for-

give this of you."
""My friend, Mr. Chessom! that is rich!
why, my pretty Flo', I never have spoken a word to the young aristocrat of Chessom's Pride in my life. That was all gammon, you know, manufactured expressly for the

Florence grew deathly sick and horrified, and barely murmured the question:
"Who are you, then? why did you take
me from there?"

"Because, when I drove you up from your house in Mr. Dorrance's carriage, I made up my mind you were too good for him, or Chessom either; just about suited to me, in fact. So I followed that blackeyed witch up-stairs to your room; came down when I saw where she put you, and

removed one of the front door keys from the ring, so I might let myself in."

With dilating eyes Florence listened.

"But, Flo', my beauty, you didn't know I had known you these years back? you did n't know I entered Ellis Dorrance's service only because I knew he was going to try for you, and I thereby would have a better for you, and I thereby would have a better chance? Bless you, my girl, I have been looking forward to this hour for ten years. Then, above all, I love you; more than Dorrance can or Chessom does."

A furtive glance at him thrilled Florence with awful dread.

What was she to do? alone with this man, at midnight, with a heavy oaken bar keeping her from liberty? She lowered her head and prayed; only such a prayer as one in direct peril could frame.

Palmer came over the rude, uncarpeted floor to her side.
"Florence, will you love me? I am not rich, I am not good, I know. But I am good enough to love you."

She rose from her chair, the tears falling

from her eyes, as she laid her two hands on ""

"Oh, Mr. Palmer, think again of it!

Just place your sister, if ever you had one, or your own dead mother in my place!

And then have pity on me, and take me to my friends. Your conscience surely tells you what you ought to do."

"It does my sweet graceful pleader! it

"It does, my sweet, graceful pleader! it tells me take you for my own forever!" A pitiful cry came from her lips, and she buried her face in her hands, her wild sobs bursting from her agonized heart.

Palmer gazed at her in silent admiration

a moment.
"I will tell you what I'll do, Florence. will leave you here to-night, safely guarded, and come on the morrow evening; provided you will give me a kiss before I go He laid his hand on her shoulder; she shrunk away from the touch.

"Just as you say, Florence. Give me a kiss and I'll go. Refuse, and—" She sprung almost wildly to her feet. "You'll go, right away? you promise

"Right away, I promise it."

She raised her face, and touched his cheek lightly with her lips; then pointed to "Now, please go."
"That delicious kiss tempts me to stay,

but I'll keep my word to so fair a girl. Au He vaulted through a window, and then pushed a heavy shutter against it, locking it with a huge bolt on the outside.

Florence heard the noise of the carriage as the wheels crunched on the snow, and then she crouched down in a corner near the fire that biazed on the hearth. A plentiful supply of fuel lay piled in the chimney-corner; a loaf of bread, a plate of butter and a pitcher of milk stood on the

table; and she saw she was secured from

physical discomfort at least. A sensation of relief came to her as she thought she might yet escape before the morrow night; she ate heartily of the bread and butter and drank of the sweet, rich milk, and a feeling almost of buoyancy came over her when she had finished for it was the first mouthful that had passed her lips since the eventful night, Then, tired yet strengthened, she fell asleep; never waking until the broad dav-

loopholes of the huge wooden shutters.

A breakfast like the supper, and then, a tour of investigation. Hopefully she set about her work, almost confident she would somehow succeed in escaping; trying the shutters, doors, and sounding the solid wooden walls.

light was streaming through the circular

Then, when fatigued, but not discouraged, she climbed up on the table to peek out through the little round window. It did look lonesome, the little patch of landscape she could see; the road, piled up with untrodden snow, where the one track

was very unfrequent; his tracks were the only ones on the broad, white expanse glistening in the morning sunlight. A feeling of utter desolation stole over her as she looked out, wondering why all this trouble was sent upon her; wondering what Arch must think; wondering where

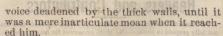
told her how truly Palmer had said travel

A sound of merrily tinkling bells came of a sudden to her ears, borne by a current of wind; a wild, new hope sprung up in her heart; she felt the blood dancing through her veins as the joyous noise came nearer and nearer.

Oh! if she could but scream, could but attract the attention of that Heaven-sent Nearer came the sleigh; slower as it approached the huge drifts before the door of the cabin, and Florence could see it now.

A shrill scream burst from her lips. The occupant was Arch Chessom! He glanced up at the house as he caught the faint sound, then, apparently regarding

t a wind-moan, turned away. Florence, with her heart beating to an agonizing fury, her eyes almost starting from her head, called hoarsely to him; her



He was going on; what could she do? what should she do, with salvation so near

and yet so far?
Frantically she thrust out her hand and waved it; and then, when Arch sprung from the sleigh, she grew giddy from the excitement, reeled, and fell.

Ever alive to the idea that she whom he sought was somewhere near him, Archer, when he caught a momentary glimpse of a hand thrust from the hole, felt a wild thrill of hope that it, perchance, might be Florence; and yet, as he plunged through the snow, he could not but think how foolish was such a thought, for, of course, Dorrance would find a gilded prison for his

He was on his way then to the city, and it being a better road for sleighing, and desiring to bring back several parcels for his mother, he had gone in the sleigh instead of the train. He had ample time, however, to stop a moment and indulge the wild curiosity in his soul.

The door was moveless; but, all of the shutters being fastened on the outside with huge iron bolts, ingress was a matter of

He leaped through one of the windows, and approached the prostrate figure; a pang of disappointment, at which he was vexed, thrilled his breast when he saw the dirty room, the shabbily-attired negro girl, with unkempt, kinky hair, lying on the

He touched her, spoke to her, looked at her, and was about to turn away, when his better nature told him the person was suffering, in some way or other, else why the signal evidently of distress—and this deep, deathlike faint?

Then, with a courage and nobility few men possess, he determined to take her in his sleigh to the nearest house, wherever it might be, or whosesoever it was, for atten-

With Arch Chessom, to will was to do. He lifted the figure in his arms, and laid her on the floor of the sleigh, with a robe

over and under her.

If he had known, if he had but heard her voice as Palmer had done! but Fate was not to be appeased just then; the wicked was "to flourish as a green bay tree" yet longer before the inevitable downfall came. So he drove on, watching for a house.

It was not twenty minutes' gallop before the forbidding walls of the Haunted House loomed up.

He turned his horses' heads up the ave-

nue, and drove round to the side entrance. Mary came to the door.

"It is a half-frozen colored girl I picked
p. You can warm her and feed her, can't

He gave her a bill, and Mary turned down the buffalo-robe.

"Bress my stars! ef it ain't dat Ida!"

"I am glad you know her. Take her in with you; and give Mr. Chesson's compliments to the master of the house, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing.

He drove off, while Mary, her wrinkled, red face all smiles, carried poor, unconscious Florence in, and laid her down on

the kitchen lounge.

"It's a pity missus hab gone! but I'll keep her anyhow! Maybe de boss giv' me sumthin'."

CHAPTER XIII. THE LOST BIRD.

FIRED with rage, Ellis Dorrance had returned to Beechcrest, bewailing his luck, and cursing the hour he had let Florence's

pretty face lead him on. What if it had been planned years ago, when Florence was a child, that he was to be her husband? What if it was true, that unless she became his wife, if certain affairs became known, he was liable to imprisonment?

He had been goaded into it first by selfishness; then when he began to admire Florence's pretty face, and had seen her evident for him, his pride and willfulness had led him on and on—to this!

Away down in his heart he disliked Isa-

bel Lefevre; and only to his own thoughts did he whisper he truly loved Gussie Palliser-bright, winsome Gussie Palliser, whom he loved now better than before

He had plenty of time to think of all these things as he walked rapidly toward the village; and among them was the resolve to seek a reconciliation with Gussie. He knew she was of a jealous, passionate disposition, and that he must be wary if he wanted to succeed.

How to effect this was a question of doubt; only a clean confession, and a humble apology would serve her

Would she see him? He doubted it, and then, as he entered his room, he bethought him that Gussie must be on her visit to the Chessoms about now; there she would learn that Archer Chessom really loved Florence, and so she might be inclined to forgive him what he intended to explain

But how communicate with her? Chessom's Pride was not open to him; a personal interview, even if granted, would be too hasty, too fiery. He would write, then; there was the beautiful white carrier-pigeon in the cage he had placed it.

Its wing was nearly healed: it would fly straight to Chessom's Pride; there was romance about such a messenger that Gussie could not withstand.

He rung the bell for Palmer to ascertain whether or not Gussie had gone to Chessom's Pride; but Palmer was not within call, and not until an hour and a half later did he return, "from a visit to his aunt." He was strangely jubilant, but Dorrance did not observe it.

Jim, that Chessom's been too much for us! he's spirited her away from the Haunted

Palmer opened his eyes in the most amazed

manner.

"No! Mr. Dorrance, I can't believe it."

"And that Italienne is as bad as he is,"
went on Dorrance. "She rigged her up a la mulatta, so she says, never dreaming that Chessom was going to liberate her! so if you come across any such-" He paused significantly.

'I understand: only, Mr. Dorrance, I am about to change my business. I am sorry to leave your employ, but I think it best to leave America, and join my relatives in

A look of dismay shadowed Dorrance's

face.
"I don't see how I can spare you, Palmer.
You've been faithful—"
"I had I'll over keep secret what I know. Depend on that, Mr. Dorrance.

"If you could do me one more favor, Jim?

'Anything in my power that can be done before to-morrow at six. I shall leave Beechcrest then forever."

Dorrance unfolded a roll of notes. "Here is what is due you. Now, Jim, find out whether Miss Palliser is at Lake-

view or Chessom's Pride."

When Palmer had said good-night, or good-morning rather, for it was near three 'clock, Dorrance wrote a letter to Gussie; a letter that such a man knew so well how to write, one that in the fervor of its earnestness, intensity of passion, tenderly regretful apologies, was well calculated to appeal to the heart, however estranged, of the

woman who had once loved him.

The gray shades of daydawn were loomng up among the faint shining stars, when Dorrance sealed and directed the envelope to Miss Gussie Palliser, Chessom's Pride.

Early that forenoon, Palmer brought the desired information that Gussie had gone to Chessom's Pride that morning, and that Arch Chessom had gone to New York for a day or so, probably longer, to seek ad-ditional aid in finding Florence. "So you see Mr. Chessom is as ignorant of her whereabouts as you are, Mr. Dor-

Ellis was surprised beyond measure, and he frowned darkly.
"Then it is the work of that Jezebel!

I'll dispatch this at once, and go to the Haunted House. If there is anything in my power to do toward extorting a confession, it shall be done."

The rays of the sun were streaming athwart the window, when Ellis threw it open to admit the fresh, pure air.

On the sill, still in its cage, perched the carrier-dove, whiter than the snow itself, its gentle eyes beaming brightly among the

pure plumage.

The same blue ribbon Florence Arbuthnot had tied to its slender neck, still hung
there, and to it Ellis Dorrance attached the

He softly caressed the downy white feathers, as he held it in his hand, the missive on which so much depended swinging from his throat.

"Amazing stupidity! as if the fact of this dove returning to Chessom's Pride, bearing a letter from me, will not at once reveal my agency in the Arbuthnot affair! Fool that I am! Ah, furies and—" Well might he exclaim in that sharp tone,

for the bird had flown from his grasp, and was soaring up into the clear, cold air. An expression of impotent rage overspread his face, and he reached frantically

"Curses alight on my doltish foolishness! The Fates or the Furies are in league with that bird, and it is a sign I am to be thwarted in the end. Then, after a moment's gaze at the white speck floating up, off and away, he dashed the window down and struck his clenched

Thwarted! no! not if I wade through blood to victory. And now, for Isabel!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LOST. For several hours Florence Arbuthnot lay in a succession of fainting-spells; and it was not until toward noon that she became aware of her condition and where-abouts. She remembered how she had hailed Arch as he had passed by; she recollected the dizziness and illness she had experienced; after that all was a blank until

She saw Mary's face bending over her.
She essayed to rise, but discovered she was ery much prostrated.
"Where's Mr. Chessom? where's the

gentleman who got out of the sleigh at that cabin?" Her sharp, eager voice, her face all aglow with feverish earnestness, met a decided cooling from Mary.

"Oh, he's gone, long ago. He left him compelliments fur de mas'er, and gi' me a ten-dollar greenback to fotch ye around all squar', honey.'

He brought me here, then? and left me with you? Oh-h-h-h, I comprehend! he didn't know me in this disguise! Oh Mary! Mary! you are a woman! you have a woman's heart! Do help me get this off, and show me the way home! The gentleman will give you ten times that money, if

Mary folded and unfolded the precious money thoughtfully.
"Dunno' what Miss Is'bel'd say to dat! Ye see she's gone down into de village to see a pusson, and, jest's like's not she'll take

a notion to trabbel on to Europy afore I ee hide or hair o' her ag'in. She's so cur'us, Miss Is'bel is, no countin' on her at all." "But you know I'm white, don't you? for you saw me; you believe I am Miss Arbuthnot, don't you?"

Mary laughed; not ill-naturedly, at Florence's nervous question. "To be sure I does, 'cause, you see, Miss Is'bel she tells me jist afore she went." Florence caught her arm tightly.

"Give me water, then, to wash this nasty stuff off; get me my clothes again, Mary, and you shall keep the jewelry. Mr. Ches som will reward vou besides.

'Ef I thought Miss Is'bel 'd stay away-"
"She will, I know! Besides, Mary, if

she should come in, I'll hide anywhere you tell me! Please, dear, kind Mary!" "S'pose now, first off, you know, you tell me who tooked you off last night?" There was a little gleam in the negress'

"Indeed I'll tell you any thing! It was that wicked Mr. Palmer, that drives Mr. Dorrance's carriage; he said he had come from Mr. Chessom, the gentleman who brought me here; so I was glad enough to escape. But he deceived me; and oh, Mary, you never can know all I have endured in one little week! If Mr. Chessom, in the goodness of his heart, had not rescued me. I don't know what would have

happened! Now you'll wash me off, and let me have my dress, won't you?"
She smiled brightly into the old woman's face, that relaxed at its sweet winsomeness

despite the homely brown skin.
"Well, well, I dunno as it ken hurt anybody. Only, if Miss Is'bel comes—"
"Yes, yes, I know! Now for soap and

hot water A long, hard hour's work was necessary before Florence was herself again; then she attired herself in a gray dress, with its lace ruffles, her own pretty, graceful self; prettier, if possible, with her short hair curling in loose tendrils all over her head,

and on her white forehead. She sat down in Isabel's cushioned armchair, wondering how to get home. To walk was simply impossible; the unshovel-

ed snow lay knee-deep along the road, and the day was windy and intensely cold. She fully recognized the folly of attempt-

Carriages seldom passed that way; but she determined that the very first should be signaled; unless she could prevail upon Mary to go to the village and procure aid.

This, however, she found utterly impossible to do; Mary would not stir from the house until Miss Is'bel came or sent; besides, knowing, as she did, with her natural shrewdness, Dorrance's affair with Florence, she was resolved to detain the girl

It was not for long; just as the sun was going down, Ellis Dorrance came up to the door, with a paper in his hand.
"It's from Miss Isabel, Mary; I was

there until he or Isabel came.

coming to see her when the telegraph mes-senger gave me this for you. She will not condescend to notify me of her comings It was a telegram telling Mary to stay at

the Haunted House as long as she wished; after to return to the old place; she (Isabel) would sail for England the next day, per Albion, for an indefinite time. Isabel had not given her reasons for the

sudden step; and, as it removes her from our story, we will explain. She had gone to Lakeview to tell Gussie Palliser of Florence's sudden disappearance; had learned that Gussie was visiting, for a time, at Chessom's Pride.

Thus disappointed of communicating with Gussie, although she left a sealed note marked "private," she had gone by train to New York; partly on business of her own; partly from a conviction that Dorrance had taken Florence secretly away, and that they might possibly propose a tour to England.

She resolved to examine the lists of entered passengers on several leading steam-ships; to her anger and wrath, she found on one the name—"Mr. James Palmer and

Knowing Palmer to be in the secret employ of Dorrance, she instantly supposed Florence to be the "lady," and her own faithless lover the gentleman who had borrowed his valet de chambre's name. With exultant triumph she secured a state-room registered an assumed name; made a few necessarily hasty preparations, and went aboard the Albion; determined to keep closely to her state-room until they were fairly at sea; and then confront him the truth she knew he feared and dreaded the truth she had sworn never to reveal,

but which now, she justly decided, was due herself to tell.

She telegraphed the last thing before she went on board. It is needless to state her vexation, disappointment, or chagrin, to learn, when miles and miles away, that she

was thwarted! A fortnight later, and the news rung through both continents: the Albion was burned at sea, and not a soul left to tell the

Florence heard Dorrance's voice in the other room, which he had entered before Mary could give the warning she would have done, had not the surprise of the tele-gram driven all thoughts of Florence from

Her first impulse was to fly anywhereanywhere from his hated presence; she obeyed that sudden intention, and, with wild eyes, sprung toward the door just as a large, white hand with a costly ring gleam-

ing on its finger, arrested her flight.

"Can it be possible? Is it really true I am vouchsafed this great pleasure? Florence, come back " She turned on him a proud, yet beseech-

"Mr. Dorrance, have I not been persecuted enough?"

"When I left you here, Florence, I solemnly assure you I had no idea of what was to befall you before we met again. What intervened between that night and this I know nothing of, except it was the work of a jealous woman."

Florence had never seen him so thoroughly in earnest: and yet she was afraid to "Where you have been, I know not;

will you tell me ?" "I do not know myself; I only know the name of the man who took me in a carriage and locked me in a dreary, lonely cabin. I think you know him, Mr. Dorrance, for birds of a feather flock together.' His name is Palmer."

Dorrance sprung from the chair, an oath n his lips. "The rascal! the villainous liar! So that is why he wished to leave my service to-day, is it? Leaves Beechcrest for England at six to-night, hey?' He paced to and fro in the long room.

with a countenance expressive of the rage "It seems I am not the only one who admires your pretty face. Florence, how did

you escape from the cabin?" Florence raised her head haughtily. "I prefer not to talk further on the subject, Mr. Dorrance. I have only to ask that you will take me home at once." A loud, incredible laugh answered her.

"That is an admirable piece of effrontery!
Do you think I shall relinquish my prize as soon as I have regained it?" She paled a little, but her answer was firm and undaunted.

"Then I shall go myself. Mr. Dorrance, I tell you there will be no use of endeavoring to persuade me to be your wife; an imprisonment of twenty years would not change my mind. To save trouble, you may

well let me go first as last." Dorrance gazed admiringly at her flushed. eager face, with its red, parted lips, and duskily flashing eyes. He waited several minutes in respectful silence, and Florence thought he was about to relent, when he "Upon my word. Florence, you are pret-

tier than ever with your hair short! Florence turned, sadly, away to the window, her lips quivering. Dorrance follow-"Florence, I will tell you what I am go-

ing to do. This house shall be your home Mary shall be your servant; I will be lord and slave; and you will be mistress. But, Florence, it will necessarily be a prison-house because you will not accede to my wishes. So content yourself, Florence, as best you I will bring you books and music, clothes and-'

She confronted him with her bright, flashing eyes.

"How dare you? How dare you " and she stamped her foot, angrily. "To injury you add insult! Not an article will I touch from your hands, unless it be food to keep me in strength to defy you! Appoint convey her to that me my prison-cell, Ellis Dorrance, and I will go to it. I will live in it and die in it,

with the sweet consciousness that I will not be bought or coerced by such a villain as you! These are my terms A little, impertinent laugh came tantaliz-

ingly from his lips. Captives do not dictate terms, you

know Then he called to Mary to spread supper for them, and Florence, fearing lest he might drug her victuals, was glad to partake

of the same food he ate.

Gradually the dusk drew on, and after lamps had been lighted, Dorrance drew an easy-chair and the light oval table nearer the

He took the afternoon's paper from his overcoat-pocket, and ensconced himself co-zily in the genial warmth and light to read. Florence drew frigidly back in the shadowy corner, her proud, pale face gleam-ing in the darkness like some rare marble statue; her eyes, covered by the long drooping lashes, filled with the proud, in-dignant tears she would not suffer to fall.

Mary was at work in her kitchen; the windows and doors were fast closed and lock ed, and Florence thought how inexpressibly

lonely and still it was. She wondered if Arch would go back home by the same route, or had he already gone, and left her behind to grope about in the awful darkness that had come upon

Of Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot she scarce thought at all, and yet she could not help wondering how they regarded her absence; if they knew how it had happened, and were seeking for her.

Dear Arch! how disfigured she must have been that his loving eyes did not recognize her; she knew her voice would have done what her altered face could not. All the horrors of the past night came vividly before her, and she was forced to acknowledge that it was better as it was; for there was creature comfort here, at the Haunted House, and a woman besides her-

Then a sudden imperious summons made her spring from her chair, part in alarm, more in wild hope that rescue had come.

Dorrance dashed down the paper, and wheeled sharply around, his face pale with an about fear that Florence's friends were an his treek. on his track Then, when Mary had opened the door, Jim Palmer sprung in! And the door

closed again. CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING HIS TEETH. Ir was with feelings of inexpressible exultation that Jim Palmer made his preparations before going after Florence at the

He had been paid up by Dorrance, and with his money he had gone to New York, secured passage in the Albion, purchased an elegant outfit of clothing for Florence, and then hired a coach and horses.

Himself attired in garments of the finest material and best maker, he had gone alone to the place in which he had left her.

Tying his horses, he had hurried to the door, marveling at the want of light gleaming between the chinks. He unbolted the window nearest the back of the cabin, not noticing the front one that Arch Chessom had unfastened; jump-

ed through, and then struck a light.

The fire had burned out hours before, and a chilly shiver seized him as he strode to the middle of the room.

A second's surveillance betrayed the fact that Florence had escaped Chagrined and enraged, he sat down a moment to collect his thoughts.

"It was not Dorrance's work," he reasoned, "because Dorrance had been at home that black-haired witch at the Haunted House !"

No sooner had he arrived at that conclusion than he returned to the carriage, turned his horses' heads toward the Haunted

House, and galloped on.

Wild thoughts were afloat in his brain as he rattled along; he would compel Isabel to give Florence up, under pain of reveal-ing her criminality in transforming Florence rom white to black

He had arranged the mode of word attack, and when he sprung from the carriage, little distance from the house, he con cluded to act strongly on the offensive from

Thus he strode to the door, and knocked decidedly. To his utter surprise, he confronted Ellis Dorrance, when he had so surely hoped to meet Isabel Lefevre.

For a moment he was confounded; then recollecting that Dorrance did not know of his escapade with Florence Arbuthnot, he esolved to put a bold face on, and manu facture the most plausible excuse he could, for his sudden, evidently unwonted appear-

On the other side, Dorrance, who was infinitely relieved when he saw who the in-truder was, having feared so much more, determined at once to make known to Palmer his acquaintance with his actions. Palmer did not observe Florence, who

had shrinkingly retired to the most dark, distant corner. Well, you are not off for England, I

Dorrance's tone was full of cutting irony, that only a knowledge of the secret of the other could give.

"Not yet; I forgot an important bit of news I heard this afternoon, and drove up

to tell you, since I did not find you at your boarding-house. Miss Palliser has returned from Chessom's Pride, and-" A hot flush came to Dorrance's cheeks it was not agreeable to him that Florence

should hear what was probably coming; so he interrupted Palmer. "Yes, exactly. By the way, Jim, where were you last night about eleven o'clock!? from then on until after two?" He stared wrathfully at Palmer, who re-

turned it with interest. "I do not know that I am in duty bound to answer any such questions." "When you take it upon yourself to interfere in my private arrangements, and

turn traitor to the one you pretend to serve, I think I have the right to demand an answer from you.' Palmer knew then that, by some mysterious agency, Dorrance knew his villainy; and he instantly resolved to fight for every

inch of ground. Dorrance's face grew darker and stormier, then he burst forth, in a torrent of passion:
"Why did you assist Florence Arbuthnot to escape from this house? Why did you convey her to that lonely cabin on the Stony Road? Why did you leave her there,

His tones were intensely bitter. Palmer looked coolly at him, his light ray eyes almost white in their glare.

"For the same reason you took her from her home several nights ago." A hoarse, sarcastic laugh came from Dor-

"Good! then you perhaps imagined the oung lady was in love with you?" Perhaps so; at any rate, I was in love with her.

"You dare to aspire to her hand! Jim Palmer-

Palmer smiled with supreme indifference. "Do you know who I am?" he asked, "I ought to, after being your master for

years and years." "Nominally, yes; but, after all, Dorrance, it is I whom am master. I could enlighten your bewildered understanding on several subjects that have been transpiring these last ten or fifteen years; regarding

A vague fear seized Dorrance; besides, there was Florence sitting in that dusky corner, listening to every word.
"That will do, Palmer. You may be

excused from the premises now. It was hardly the language to use to a man like Jim Palmer, and Dorrance saw it too late, for Palmer turned sharply on him.
"You excuse me, you black - hearted knave? Don't attempt to insult me, or it will be worse for you; besides, when you make a deadly enemy of the man who knows your secrets, all about the secrets of those you serve, it is apt to prove a bad move. So be careful, Dorrance, for your

His patronizing air maddened Dorrance.
"I defy you and your secrets! Begone, or I'll assist you!"

He drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointed it at Palmer, who sneered at it. "I confess that's not pleasant. You're a capital shot, I know, and I value my life

quite too much to stand for a target. I'll reire, Ellis Dorrance, but mark these words. When you least expect or desire it, I will confront you with those secrets you sneer at; then, and not till then, will you know

who I am. (To be continued-Commenced in No. 128.)

Between Two Fires.

BY N. E. BODY.

READER, have you ever been in a "Texan forest?"

What I am about to tell happened some years ago in northern Texas.

It was in the very thickest forest imagin-

able, and to make it more sublime, a storm was brewing.

It is one of the grandest sights—or I might have said feelings-to be in a dense

southern forest before a storm. The waters are still-without a ripple: the brook, as if it partook of the general calm, has ceased its noisy babble; the leaves on the trees hang as if dead; those leaves which, when the sun shone on them, were of the gaudiest colors, are now black as midnight. The very insects seem as if dead. The decayed pieces of wood on the ground look like writhing serpents, under the effect

of an overawed imagination.

During one of these scenes a man, well formed, tall and handsome, dressed in the usual style, and mounted on a magnificent gray horse, was riding rapidly through the forest, as if to escape the coming storm.

Little did he think that he was closely

followed by two of the most deadly Texan -the Comanche and the Choctaw. Two Indians belonging to the abovenamed tribes were following him from different directions, so intent on their chase as not to be aware of the proximity of the

Suddenly the Texan's horse began to limp, and then stopped altogether, between two large bushes. Now was the time for the Indians; and, as if by instinct, they both hid behind a bush—one on either side of the imperiled Texan, yet neither aware

of the presence of the other.

But this was not all he had to fear. Above was an enemy almost as bad, if not worse, than either of the Indians: a huge wildcat, couching for a spring. The Texan had leaped from his horse to see the cause of his sudden halt, and was extracting a piece of wood which had lodged in the animal's foot, when the wildcat, uttering a fearful cry, leaped upon the back of the endangered white. Almost the same instant two rifles cracked, both aimed at the white, but neither hit their mark; for when the wildcat leaped on the back of the Texan, the force sent him sprawling on the ground. He quickly arose, and not having time to use pistol or knife, he seized the fierce animal by the hind legs and dashed its brains out on the trunk of a giant oak. It was a feat

that few could perform. No sooner had he dispatched the brute than he screened his body behind a tree. There he remained for about an hour, with all his senses on the alert. Then not hearing any thing, he carefully went from be-

hind the tree to reconnoiter.

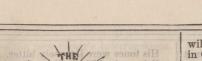
And this is what he found. In one bush an Indian-a Comanche, with a bullet in his brain—in the other a Choctaw Indian, with a bullet in his heart. He immediately divined what was the cause of their death. They had both fired at the same moment at him, but by the fall occasioned by the leap of the wildcat, they had missed him, and the missiles had taken fatal effect on one

another. He carefully skinned the dead wildcat, and breathing a short prayer of thanks, he rode on. Just then the storm broke in all its fury, but he was used to it, and was not

much inconvenienced by it. Whenever he showed the wildcat skin he told this story, and said that the animal's leap had rescued him from "between two

THE island of Juan Fernandez has been purchased by an enterprising German, who has exported thither a considerable colony of his countrymen, and supplied them with suitable implements of agriculture. The popular notion of the island, derived from Robinson Crusoe, is a very incorrect one. Juan Fernandez is a long, rocky island, about as large as Staten Island, lying four hundred miles off Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili. If things have not deteriorated since Selkirk's time, the German colonists will have pleasant quarters-a climate so good that the trees and grass are verdant all the year round, and a soil so fertile that everything thrives luxuriantly.





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Another Sensation!

Mr. A. P. Morris, Jr.'s New Romance

Following up the impression made by his somewhat startling stories-"Hercules, the Hunchback," "Hoodwinked," "Dead and Alive"-the author comes forward again with a serial of great dramatic power and intense dramatic interest, viz. :

THE RED SCORPION;

The Beautiful Phantom.

In which a scorpion plays a most singular and terrible role as an instrument both of justice and vengeance. The nature of the story is not essentially tragic, however. Involving several powerfully-wrought characters pitted against each other and playing each a desperate game, there is, through all, the sweet influence of a glorious woman, who, netted by Fate, is yet a true woman in her honor and faith, and is not to be overwhelmed

Wholly unlike Mr. Morris' "Pearl of Pearls," it is yet like it in enthralling interest of plot. circumstance and denouement, and will much delight his now immense circle of regular

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-A young lady in Detroit, says: "I make my bustles out of all the papers but the SATURDAY JOURNAL; but that paper makes such a bustle among all the family that, by the time it reaches me, it is too worn and crum pled for the pannier." She has our sympa thies.

-One of our contributors invites us to the cool shades of his country home, and describes in charming phrase the shady nooks and quiet walks beneath the trees. It all sounds so much like pure invention that we are afraid to venture. The idea of an author actually owning such an Arcadia! Impossible, sir!

-We wrote an account, some weeks since of the business of adulterating or manufacturing liquors. The item has been "going the rounds," and several letters have come to us, evidently from bartenders and retailers, for information! Pretty boat we have got in to be sure! Because we are supposed to know the tricks of the trade, therefore we are just the rsons to impart information! Well, per haps we do know how to make sixteen kinds of liquor out of one base, and can for six or seven dollars make fifty dollars worth of brandy, gin, rum and wine: but are we going to impart the valuable secret for the asking? Our price is one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars in hand, and a deed for every other section of land alongside of the broadgauge railway to the Dead Sea, for the secret The money we will turn over to the Drunk ard's Hospital-the land we will reserve as a Potter's Field for burying the drunken dead

-A friend who has "been there," says Long Branch is the biggest "Sho!" (show) and Saratoga the worst "Sir, cuss!" (circus) he even saw. If worse puns have been made it must have been after dark, when nobody could see the point. The conundrum-Why is the new Geyser Spring at Saratoga like a a pawnbro ker shop? this same person answers by saying, both take a spout to run 'em, and adds that he knows this is the correct answer, be cause he had been to both places.

N. B. We learn that he had to "spout" his watch at Ben Solomon's to get money enough to go to Saratoga! The query is-how many other fellows had to do the same thing in or der to go to that Feast of Fools?

EDGED TOOLS.

You can not meddle with lotteries and gift enterprises without getting deceived. We have not come to the millenium yet, nor reached that golden age when people are so enevolent as to present us with the value of five dollars for the simple investment of When I was at boarding-school a par ty of us girls took it into our heads to seek out a fortune-teller, being very anxious to peer into the future, and I can remember the stealthy steps we took from the house to ward the old tumble-down hut of the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.'

It was a miserable habitation, and its owner more miserable still, and I thought if mions had any thing to do with lifting the vail of the future, then this sorceress evident

vail of the future, then this sorceress evidently had the power, for the room was impregnated with their effluvia.

Of course she told me I was to marry a wealthy man of superb beauty—one who would idolize the very ground I walked upon—told me the lucky number that would draw the prize in the next lottery, and, for twenty-five cents, gave me a nicture of the twenty-five cents, gave me a picture of the face of my future husband, cautioning me not to look upon it until I got home.

The picture was a looking-glass, the moral of which was, no doubt that, when I got married, my face, would belong to my hus band, and of course that was my husband's face. Sober second thoughts convinced me that, if the sorceress really knew what numbers would draw the highest prize in the otteries, she would keep them herself!

But there are others who do not get off so easily. Bad men will fee these old fortune tellers heavily, to give their callers-the young and innocent girls—their pictures, making out that they are ordained by fate to be their future husbands. These women

will tell their victims that, if they will walk in Central Park at a certain hour, they will meet the original of the photograph. Silly girls, as they are, they swallow all for gos-pel, what these old hags say, and, of course, it all turns out as the evil one desires!

I believe—and I am not alone in my opin-ion—that thousands of the suicides may be traced to these vile pretenders, the "fortune-tellers," who care not what fate overtakes their victims, so long as they reap in the money. Talk of the danger of going in a powder-mill! There is ten times the dan-ger in entering one of these dens of the professed "fortune-teller" and "seer.

Be warned, my dear young girls, ere it is too late! Had the good and wise Father intended that we should read the future, would He not have made the revelation Himself, and not left it in the hands of vile,

deprayed and wicked impostors?

Young man, your visits to the bar-room you will find to be another edged tool—an adged tool that will not only cut off your manliness, but it will cut deep, deep to the heart of your loved ones. Do you drink because you think it is manly? Let me disabuse your mind of that erroneous idea. It is not manly, and you will find you will sooner gain the esteem of the true and pure by relinquishing, than continuing the use of liquor. I do not think there is one good woman in the world who would advise her husband or brother to drink. Ask any man who is a slave to this passion, if he would advise you to commence upon this course he is following. He would not; he sees its blasting misery himself and has feeling enough for others to warn them against

Show me one person who has been benefit ed by the use of liquor, and I will take back what I have said, and you know that is a hard thing for a woman to do!

I tell you that you can not play with edged tools without getting cut.

EVE LAWLESS.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

THE apple in the Garden of Eden presented no irresistible attraction until after it had been denied, and so the forbidden fruits of our day exert a fascinating influence from this very reason.

Young people who are brought up in the moral atmosphere of severely religious homes are more apt to plunge into excesses when let loose upon the world than others who have been less rigidly brought up. Parents who denounce innocent amuse ments as traps set for the feet of the unwary; who enforce catechisms, creeds and orthodoxies, from the cradle up; who look upon a theater as a kind of earthly court dedicated to the service of his Satanic majesty, and professors of the histrionic art as emissaries to tempt the weak from the straight path of duty; who regard light literature with abhorrence, and recommend the study of Baxter's Saints' Rest as a pleasant recreation; who forget that they were ever any thing but shriveled anato-mies with the milk of human kindness mies with the milk of human kindness churned to a very rancid compound in their hard pilgrimage over life's roughest places—such people are always martyrs from choice—these parents must reap the products of such seed as they have sown, discontentment, narrowness of mind, deceit and practiced falsity.

Keep a child from the sweetmeats he loves, and he is apt to break into the jelly-closet; tear a youth who is enduring the blisses and agonies of numey-love from the

blisses and agonies of puppy-love from the idol of his affections, and he may solace himself by a worse indulgence than the innocent companionship of a pretty girl; deprive young people of the amusements they rave, of such enjoyments as are proper to their age and circumstances, and you will have them stealing away when you are in bed and suppose them fast asleep. You will have your girls eloping out of back windows with unprincipled young scapegraces, and your boys breaking away from the reins of parental government soon as they become of legal age-if, indeed, they wait so long—while you, poor old fogy! bewail your desolate old age, and moan over filial ingratitude and the frightful de

generacy of the times. If any are to be more pitied than children reared in such restricted homes, it is the unwise parents who think to work out salvation for the next world by the sacrifice of all human affection in this. J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers. My Great Show

My grand Equinoctial Show will soon start upon the 156th annual tour of the United States, with greater attractions than ever, and is by far the largest circulating circus circuitously circumscribed by can-vas; and it will hold all that can get in and a few thousands on the outside. N. B. People on the outside charged extra.

The proprietor will exhibit his daring eats of horsemanship without extra charge He will perform the brilliant acts of getting upon a horse with a step-ladder, riding with only one hand holding to the mane, ri ding with his feet out of the stirrups, jump over a ten-foot pole laid on the ground, ride round the ring at a brisk trot without any body holding him on, blow his nose while going the fastest, daringly stand straight up in the stirrups, and finally fall off with the greatest ease

Our champion tumblers hold more than any thing else. One of them turns 14 summersaults without touching—any thing to drink, and walks on his head all around the One will climb up and sit down on his hands, turn three hand-springs, a handorgan and a grindstone.

Our acrobats, like base-ball bats, knock every thing in their line. The proprietor will turn four summersaults without lighting—a cigar, jump over 14 horses—from one to the other—and perform the thrilling act of holding on to a trapeze and letting his feet hang down, amid cheers.

Our vaulters are all the celebrated beer-

vaulters, and are unsurpassed, for they take every thing down.

The one-legged elephant will dance to ast music, stand on the end of his trunk, climb a pole, gallop around the ring, turn a hand-spring, play a piano and fan himself with a cellar door.

The proprietor will perform the Star Spangled Banner, with great applause, on a bass drum, bringing in all the variations with such fine effect that every eye in the audience will fill with tears, without any ex-

tra expense whatever. The celebrated man who was born without a head, will appear every evening in the

ring in some of the choice songs of the day,

to the gratification of all hearers.

The renowned Tiger, purchased from John Morrissey's menagerie, will perform every day, on the outside, to the amusement of

greenhorns.

You will see the largest bed-bug ever captured in the wilds of Indiana. It is only 16 years old, and weighs 340 pounds. One man makes him a good square meal. A large Kangaroo and three small Kanga roosters which live principally upon spring-beds and India rubber, several trick mules and mule-y cows; one Malayan tapir and several midnight tapers caught in an ediseveral midnight tapers caught in an editor's office, and tamed; an Egyptian crocodile, caught in a crockery shop where it was eating crocks; one fine riding-goat, purchased from the Odd Fellows; the Australian giant, very high—at times; a camel that never got his back up; a hippopotamus that never had the hypo; an Egyptian mummy three thousand years of age, without a rheumatic bone in his body, of whom you may ask any questions if you think it will do you any good though you will generwill do you any good, though you will gener ally find him mum without mumbling much mummery—a very dry old chap; several English hares which were lost, but were restored by the use of hair restoratives; on cage of jail-birds who have fledged their nests by fledging others; one fine span of well-broken Arabian night mares; one rhinoceros caught in the river Rhine; great American hog-this man was originally a hotel clerk in the city of Chicago, procured at great expense; several living cast-iron frogs; one cage of badly-fledged scare-crows; the smallest man in the world -a grinding landlord, and a full hive of

mermaids. Our tight-rope walkers always get tight before they begin to perform, and know the ropes so well that they have long defied those in the sheriffs' hands.

Our champion rider will stand on his head and ride seven horses abreast, and go through many hair-breadth performances of horsemanship which he learned while driving a canal boat.

Among our bareback riders may be classed several dashing ladies. Our performers on the horizontal bar, or

any other bar, are unsurpassed.

The proprietor will appear in the celebrated Highland fling, in which he will fling off a mug of Scotch ale with great ale-acrity, to fast music and great applause by the

blow up sweet music or they will be blown up themselves in quick time. Landlords and printers are requested to prepare for complimentary tickets.

Especial inducements for members of

The brass band will take their horns and

church—seven clowns in the ring.

Collectors of license not admitted.

If any people are eaten up by the wild animals, I want it distinctly understood that it is no loss of mine; should they eat any of my wild animals up, it would be different. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Proprietor.

Woman's World.

Blondes and Brunettes—What is most befitting, in colors and styles, for each.—Jute and False Hair Poisoners.—Hints to wearers.—Answers to in-quiries about dress, etc., etc.

AT this season the world of fashion is absolutely at a stand-still. The weather is so warm that the coolest and most neglige garments are in the best taste. White is always a beautiful dress at all hours of the day, and the pretty and inexpensive Victoria lawn suits, which, with the use of the "standard" trimming of ready-made puffings and plaitings, now so popular, can be worn late in the season, even into the cool days of October, by the addition of a jacket or wrap of cashmere or merino.

Roman scarfs of cashmere, with bright tinted and vari-colored striped borders, wil be worn as the first early fall wraps. Every lady should have one. They are not costly the pieces ranging from five dollars upward to ten and fifteen dollars, and all interme

It is to be hoped that the rage for pale faded shades and tints in ribbons and mate rials for dress will have been exhausted by the next season. Those affectations, for they can be called nothing else, are really becoming to none, and the only style which can afford to wear them is the clear brunette with very dark hair and eyes, and complexion which would be blonde if united to golden hair and blue eyes.

Beauty is often completely hidden by an injudicious selection of color in dress or ribbons. If a lady is blonde, she must not at once conclude she can wear any color She must beware of all shades of yellow salmon, deep red and purple. She may wear all shades of blue, but she must shu pink and rose color. Delicate light shades of green set off her eyes, hair and com plexion; but dark green she must leave for the flashing orbs and dark locks of her rosy brunette sister. She may wear a black la bonnet or a black velvet hat, both of which may be relieved of their somber effect by plumes of white or blue, or flowers of the colors which we have described as be coming to blondes

A brunette, if she has a good color well distributed on her cheeks and chin, with those coral lips so peculiar to her may indulge in a larger range of color than any of her sisters. She can wear dark green, many of the shades of blue, nearly all shades of red and rose color, while maiz and gold color, orange, scarlet and the paler shades of purple she can also wear provided she enlivens them with straw or gold color, maize or coral color. She may not wear a black bonnet or hat to advar tage, but a pale brunette looks well in one particularly if it is trimmed with clare dark russet, or crimson ribbons and flowers White never looks well on a pale brunette while to the ruddy type it is peculiarly b coming. A deep coral rose color is pecu liarly becoming to a pale brunette, but sh must be careful not to select any shade o pink which inclines to purple. On the contrary, those shades which are lighted up as it were with flame color give a luster to her eyes and a glow to her pallid cheeks are peculiarly beautiful; but all the darkadeep, rich tones of red, crimson, scarlet and magenta are much more becoming

In answer to inquiries from several ladies about false hair, jute braids and switches we can state that a distinguished chemis asserts that, after careful investigation though he found no parasites or vermin in jute, still it is sure to destroy the human scalp if allowed to remain long in contact with it. He says that, in the preparation of jute, a most deadly mercurial poison, corrosive sublimate, is used, and also nico-

tine, the essential principle of tobacco The jute, by this treatment, becomes al most as brittle as spun glass, and breaking into small particles, enters the pores of the scalp, introducing poison, and causing first a slight irritation and afterward serious ul-

False hair is liable to produce similar effects, though from different causes. It is

frequently diseased, and having been cut from diseased scalps, will infect that of the wearer. The dyes used in its preparation are also very deleterious. But we know that ladies will wear false hair, and what we say will not make a dollar's difference in the sale, or importation of the article to this country; but, ten years hence, we will have the satisfaction of saying to all the bald-headed ladies: "Didn't we tell you

Mrs. E. W. D. With great economy we might be able to purchase an infant's outfit for \$25; but there would not be dozens of any articles. The usual allowance made is from 65\$ to \$100, for sets comprising

ELLA L. There is but one quick process of curling or crimping the hair, and that is with hot irons, which is always more or less injurious. The rubber curlers will accomplish it in a few hours; but it is best to dampen the hair, and put it upon them the night before. By morning it is perfectly dry and will remain in curl several days

The curlers come in sets and can be bought for 50 cts., 75 cts., and \$1 per set.

Philopena. A very pretty present from a young lady to a gentleman is one of those fear which cost but a those fancy pen-wipers, which cost but a trifle, say from 75 cts. to \$1.50, and which would be a pretty and tasteful souvenir of your "philopena." We have seen some with a white swan, made of white velvet, for the body, and real feathers for wings and tail, sitting on a circle composed of several doubles of pinked black hood-cloth. Another with a couchant dog of cut sponge on the mat. Others have little fancy statuettes. Pretty little mats of white pique, for your toilet set, can be had for 10 cts. or 20 cts. apiece, according to size and braid pattern. They come braided in any color. Those of crochet, applique and lace cost from 50 cts. to \$5, and all intermediate

MRS. J. T. C. Inferior lace curtains are not so tasteful as those of plain or tambour-ed muslin. Music boxes are imported to this country; mostly from Switzerland. They cost from \$6 to \$4000, and all intermediate prices. Those costing from \$1500 to \$4000 have celestial voices, with bells, drums and castanets all in sight. They play from 50 to 100 tunes.

EMILY VERDERY.
(MRS. E. V. BATTEY.)

Short Stories from History. Canine Sagacity.-One day, when Du

mont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he was to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog, would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveler, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveler. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter he eaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveler supposing him to be some dog that had lost or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches, than they were seized by the dog; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the tra veler opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The travel er posted after him with his nightcap on and literally sans culottes. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps Caniche ran full speed to his master's house where the stranger arrived a moment after ward, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature and if he has run away with your breeches t is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveler be came still more exasperated. "Compos ourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling. Without doubt there is in your purse a sixlivre piece, with such and such marks you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down ther with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant Canine Sheep-stealer .- A shepherd, who

was hanged for sheep-stealing, about forty years ago, used to commit his depredations by means of his dog. When he intended to steal any sheep, he detached the dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretense of looking at the sheep, with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his foot, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the particular sheep he wanted, perhaps to the number of ten or twelve, out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and from a distance of several miles sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him, frequently a distance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master, to whom he delivered up his charge.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondence and authors.—No MSS. reserved for fature orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfact are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can use "Impure Literature;" "Almost Lost;" "Madelon;" "To Joe Jot, Jr.;" "Unfavored;" "You Say;" "Brush with Roadmen;" also, by same author, "Eph Marlet"—once before reported as on the unavailable list.

The package of papers from F. S. F. we can not report on until we return from a little *skit* in the North Woods. Ditto, the serials by Mrs. B. T. and H. E. L. Ditto, the several papers from E. B. R.—of which we may say we have enough for some time

of which we may say we have enough for some time to come.

Our contributors of rhyme and poetry (all rhyme is by no means poetry) must exercise great patience, even if it is hot weather.

The following are declined. Such as had stamps inclosed for their return have been remailed, and only such. We do not return MSS at our own expense. Why can't certain authors understand this? "Alone;" "Summer Time;" (both of which, we believe, are copied productions, and are remitted to us by one who ought to know better); "Birdie's Champion;" "The Ghost of a Shadow;" "A Good Year's Work;" "Who Shall I Vote For?" "An Old Maid's Peace Offering;" "The Rose in the Hair;" "Coming through the Beans."

George C. Percy B. St. John is author of "The

George C. Percy B. St. John is author of "The Ocean Girl." C. D. Clark is author of the "Thon-sand Islands" sketches; we shall try and reproduce the "Wolf Demon," in answer to the incessant de-mand for it.

COMANCHE BILL. Write to Peterson Bros., of Philadelphia. The volume is not by Captain Mayne Reid. He does not write sea stories.

INQUIRER. Both the authors named are still on our list, and may "drop in" at any time. Captain Reid is yet abroad.

Read is yet abroad.

Engraver: All species of engraving is profitable, if well done. Wood engraving is most in

able, if the table whose tags and a second servinge, twice a day, charged with a weak solution of carbolic acid. The bad breath of course is caused either by foul teeth or a foul stomach. Every person's breath is naturally sweet. If it is offensive there is some local cause. The cure is—remove that cause. We know nothing about Dr. Sayre's Remedy.

DOUBLE-DEATH asks where the Indians came

DOUBLE-DEATH asks where the Indians came from. Not knowing, can't say. The presumption is they are a secondary race, who, slowly drifting in from Asia by way of Behring's Straits (when it was far from being so frigid as it now is), displaced the original or indigenous race, known as the Mound-builders and the builders of the great cities of Yucatan and Mexico. The Indians, in fact, are carpet-baggers, and their claim to original proprietory isn't worth much to the Sages.

L. C. H. See a doctor about your sores.—Red ants will fly before carbolic acid, or camphor, or pennyroyal or red pepper.

Red Wolf. Every person doing a business which requires a license, has to pay that license, no matter what may be his age.

R. D. M. "Retribution" was read Aug, 1st and

R. D. M. "Retribution" was read Aug. 1st and rejected, and so announced in this column. No

rejected, and so announced in this column. No stamps.

H. W. H. Berne. We know nothing of the publisher named. Don't send your money until you learn that he is responsible.

Don EMANUEL. The better plan is to consult a physician; but you may ascertain the state of your lungs by drawing in as much breath as you conveniently can, then count in a slow and audible manner without inhaling more breath. The number of seconds must be carefully observed. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the number of seconds will range from twenty to fifty.

BITTERSWEET. Books upon Etiquette are certainly useful, inasmuch as they expound the laws of society, but experience alone can give effect to the manner in which those laws should be carried out.

Mrs. P. P. D. Do not keep pickles in common

Mrs. P. P. D. Do not keep pickles in common earthen jars, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Use only wooden or stone ware, and cover well with vinegar.

Morrisiana. Stale vegetables are very unwhole-some, and must be avoided. "Corner groceries" are not the safest places in which to buy fresh vege-

BIBLIOLOGIST. The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, while the word "reverend" occurs but once. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the let-ters of the alphabet except the letter j.

MADELINE. Bows for the hair are in fashion. They are composed of gros-grain ribbon with fringed ends. White lace can be introduced with pleas-

ing effect.

HISTORIAN. The work, Volney's "Ruins," was first issued in 1801. It is out of print, but old copies may be obtained for you by dealers in this city who make a specialty of ancient literature. It is, however, not a volume calculated to benefit its reader. LORGNETTE. Imitation Valenciennes lace is manufactured in this country as well as in Europe, Genuine lace is very costly, and only worn by the

ANNETTA. The small Charlotte Corday caps are secoming quite fashionable in Parisian society. They are worn both at dinner and at small evening parties.

ORPHEUS. Carnival is a word taken from the two Latin words, Carne and Vale, signifying farewell to the flesh. 2d. "Shrove" is a corruption of the old Saxon word "Shrive," which means confession. JEWESS. Green, purple and black diamonds are very rare, and but few find their way to America. They mostly adorn the coronets of Europe's poten-

SOLDER. Captain Mayne Reid, whose intensely interesting story, "Tracked to Death," appeared in the SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL, is the author of "The Scalp-Hunters," a book of thrilling interest, published in Beadle's Dime Novels Series, as a double number—price 20 cents. number—price 20 cents.

Theodore. The terms "skedaddle," "scalawag" and "carpet-bagger" were stangs of the late war. The first originated North, and was applied to "those who ran away" from battle; the second was a name applied South to those persons who were Southerners and entered the North—too mean to be allowed to stay in their native State—who went South after the war and became "politicians" and officeholders. A real resident of the South is not a "carpet-bagger."

BETTIE VANEMEID. You should not second was

BETTIE VANEWEID. You should not accept presents of jewelry from a young gentleman unless he is related to you, or you are engaged to him.

Is related to you, or you are engaged to him.

EDTH SAYRE. The most instructive course of reading for you would be history: commence with the history of your own country, and then of foreign lands; afterward read the instructive works of well-known authors, and light literature then will be a pleasing dessert, and you can appreciate and understand all historical allusions made in novels. ALBERT. You should never extend a social evening call upon a young lady after eleven o'clock; it is bad taste and might compromise the lady in the eyes of others.

eyes of others.

"Governor. If you wish to obtain a medium of general information, procure a good Encyclopedia. The 8th edition of the "Encyclopedia Brittanica" is by far the finest set of books ever published. The entire set—22 vols. and indexes—can be had for about

VARDEN asks regarding the colonization of the VARDEN asks regarding the colonization of the original thirteen States, and we give the following: Virginia, colonized by the English in 1607; New York, by the Dutch in 1614; Delaware and New Jersey, by the Swedes in 1664; Massachusetts, by the English in 1620; New Hampshire, by the English in 1630; New Hampshire, by the English in 1630; Renderly and English in 1630; Renderly and English in 1630; Routh Carolina, by the English in 1650; South Carolina, by the English in 1670; Pennsylvania, by the English in 1630; Georgia, by the English in 1733.

MORTIMER. The closing scene of the American Revolution was the surrender of 7,073 men under Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, to General Washing-

Scholar. Socrates did teach the "Immortality of the Soul," and the belief in a Supreme Being who governed the Universe. He died E. c. 400, falling a martyr to the cause of Natural Religion against

BUTLER. Glass vessels and culinary utensils can be cleaned and purified by rinsing them out with powdered charcoal.

To Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



REAL AND IDEAL

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

- I roamed through the dream-formed bright-
- mess
 With my friend of the olden time;
 We prisoned those hours of lightness,
 And molded them into rhyme;
 We plucked from the shade-wreathed moun-
- tain Rare flowers for her sunbright curls; We scattered the spray of the fountain A-gleaming like diamonds and pearls.

- One pure drop fell on her bosom,
 Transuming the flower-blent hues,
 There fashioned a miniature blossom
 Incased in sun-veined dews.
 One, caught in the spray-starred meshes
 Of the ringlets' lustrous light,
 Shone, midst the circled tresses,
 A gem of splendor bright.
- My peerless one seemed so ethereal,
 A creature transcendently fair;
 Commingling with rays empyreal,
 She faded in veinless air.
 I awoke from my blissful vision
 With dream-born pleasures rife;
 Drifted back from realms elysian
 To the mocking, real life.

- On Eden's flower-decked mountains
 She culls the blooms of light:
 The spray of ambrosial fountains
 Bathes her soul in waters bright.
 White-robed, care-free she wanders
 Along the river's brim:
 On heaven-gained joys she ponders
 And drinks their nectar in.

Did she Change her Mind?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

IT made as pretty a picture as one would care to look at—the wide, shadowy veranda of Judge Traviston's villa, with its light iron railings loaded with vines and flowers; its three graceful bird-cages, whose occupants were singing softly as if in unison with the sweet quiet of that warm June afternoon.

Oaken hanging baskets and rustic pedestals, bearing a wealth of fragrance and bloom, added a peculiar style and beauty of their own; while the rarest, fairest attractions of their own; tions were the two girls in gossamer white dresses, who laughed and chatted among the silvan beauties of Glencora Traviston's

One, the older, and more dignified of the two, she with the flowing, red-gold hair and quiet, hazel eyes, was Miss Traviston herself; the other, all jollity, merriment and enthusiasm, was Kate Ethelind.

Just now, she was making a remark to Miss Traviston that, while it provoked a smile, elicited a half reproof.

"Kate, for shame! What would Mr.
Chesterfield say if he knew you talked so?"
Kate threw back her regal, graceful head

in half disdainful indifference

"There—that's exactly what I have always insisted upon! Just because I have the courage to say precisely as I think, I am to be tabooed! I tell you, Glencora, we girls are generally a fearful set of canards, and I, for one, will institute a reform."

Miss Travitator levels at the cirl's coccer. Miss Traviston laughed at the girl's eager

'That would do under some circumstances. But, for you to boldly declare that you are going to lay siege to Mr. Chesterfield's heart, on his return from Germany, simply because he is boundlessly rich—why, Kate, I think it is disgraceful!"
And Glencora Traviston's cheeks blushed

for her thoughtless friend.
"Well, I don't. I repeat it, too, that I

shall marry for money, and nothing but money. Don't rant about love on a salary of eight hundred a year—you, who were born an heiress—to me, who know what it means to pull at both ends before they will And then, in her righteous indignation,

Miss Kate Ethelind vigorously pulled a clematis spray to fragments. I only hope Egbert Chesterfield will fall in love with you, Kate, seeing how determined you are to secure him. Have you

ever seen his picture?" I wouldn't care for looks much.' Kate answered indifferently; for she partially resented the smile dawning on Glen-

cora's face.

"Well, then, I can tell you, pa says he is excessively homely—nearly forty, I presume, because pa says he is bald."

Kate winced; certainly Mr. Egbert Chesterfield would need a deal of money to cover that held grad.

Your description differs vastly from the

one the housekeeper at Chester Field gave me of him. She said he was as 'handsome as a picture, with the loveliest eves. 'She must have thought you inquired about the heir's namesake, young Bert Chesterfield. He is handsome, and stylish

and all that-only a bookkeeper on a sal-Kate wouldn't observe the covert smile on

Glencora's lips, nor the merry twinkle in 'Egbert Chesterfield and his millions for me, anyhow. You'll see, Miss Traviston, how well I shall manage it."

It was an elegant breakfast parlor, that at Chester Field. A large, square room, with bay windows on two sides that were ornamented, one with a large, valuable aquarium, the other with rare flowering plants, hang-

ing baskets and canary cages.
A round table, spread for two, whose scarlet and white cloth swept the brown velvet carpet, bore the traces of a royal meal; silver, crystal and transparent porce lain dishes stood irregularly around; chairs, sofas and ottomans of delicate rose-pinl damask; sweeping lace curtains, marble topped tables, rare books and vases of white violets, all united to make the apartment

one of fine beauty. The sunshine came streaming through the eastern window, filtering through a decanter of light yellow champagne, and then, almost tenderly, it seemed, beamed on the grand handerney head the on the proud, handsome head that was bent slightly over the morning paper—Bert Chesterfield's head, so perfect in contour and grace. Opposite, thoughtfully consulting a pair of ivery tablets, was a tall, plain man, dressed in elegant clothes that utterly failed to make the wearer appear stylish; a bald-headed, middle-aged man-Egbert Chesterfield, who had been only a week home from a four years' tour in Ger-

many.
"By-the-by, uncle Egbert, I have a rich little joke to tell you; I came near forget-

Mr. Chesterfield laid down his tablets in an easy, slow sort of way that characterized all his movements, and looked inquiringly at the bright, handsome face opposite

him.
"You know the Travistons—of course.
Miss Glencora has a friend—a Miss Kate
Ethelind—one of the sweetest, prettiest girls ever you saw, too; so frank and hon-

est that it does one good to look at her merry eyes. Well, uncle Egbert, there's a bow-knot somewhere about this charming young lady, for I am sure I've fallen in love with her; and am equally sure she has fallen in love with you!

Bert laughed pleasantly, and Mr. Chester-field's face relaxed into a smile.

"Preposterous, Bertie! I, old, ugly and—"

"The heir to the estate; don't you see?

Miss Etheliad declares she'll marry you for

the money."

His eyes were fairly dancing as he watched the bewilderment in his uncle's eyes.

"But, Bertie, you know—"

"I know you'll do just as I say, you good old fellow. Won't you, now?" And then, over another tiny glass of champagne, those two men plotted and planned for the especial benefit of Miss Kate Ethelind.

"I don't suppose you'll feel complimented, Katie, but, positively, I don't think you are half as nice as you used to be."

Miss Glencora Traviston laid her brighthued worsteds down and looked across to the other window, where Kate Ethelind sat, and had been sitting so listless and quiet,

She colored at Glencora's plain words. then laughed.

then laughed.

"What do you suppose is the matter with me? A fit of indigestion?"

"Not at all," returned Glencora, promptly. "I know precisely what is the matter, however, and I will tell you."

The blushes deepened on Kate's cheeks, and she began to look angry.

"Don't trouble yourself, as you would be mortified if you were mistaken."

"But I'm not mistaken. Kate. You know."

"But, I'm not mistaken, Kate. You know, as well as I do, too, that you are in love with young Bert Chesterfield! and you are vexed with yourself that it is so, when Mr. Egbert is so much more desirable." Kate tossed her sewing to the floor and

sprung wrathfully up.
"That's a big story, Glencora Traviston! I am not in love with Bert Chesterfield!

"Well, don't be so emphatic, dear. So much smoke surely conceals a fire somewhere, though," said Glencora, coolly. "Besides, there is nothing to be ashamed of, I'm sure. Bertie is a lover any girl might be proud

'Yes, any girl who has no higher ambition than of love in a thatched cabin."

And then Kate slipped through the window, out among the gay October leaves, and

hurried homeward.

But, so soon as she had left Miss Travisand white, her steps languid, and in her eyes came a wistful, anxious look, that, all unknown to herself, Glencora had noticed often during the last few weeks.

She sat listlessly down on the lower step of the piazza that ran across the front of her home, and there, in the silence of the early sunset, Kate Ethelind looked her fate firmly

How strange it all was! Here was this quiet, homely man, with his one million of money, this Egbert Ches-terfield, of Chester Field, with its army of servants, its splendid carriages and horses, with their gold-plated accounterments, its priceless silver, its fabulous family diamonds that were to be reset for the heir's bride; all these—hers if she but said "yes" to the offer Egbert Chesterfield had made her the evening before.

A year ago, and she would have scorned herself for hesitating a second for her answer; to-day, sitting dejectedly in the autumn sunshine, there were such strange, ainful tumults raging within her.

The truth was simply this—and Kate's cheeks glowed under her fingers as she bravely acknowledged it to her own thoughts: she was thinking, just then, more of a certain pair of passionate eyes, a tain proud, haughty head and king-like face and form-attractions that belonged to no one in the world but Bert Chesterfield—than she wanted to.

And yet she couldn't help it; perhaps she did not realize it was her womanhood as-serting itself; her better, nobler nature strugling for supremacy over a flimsy, paltry

Then, as if Destiny was determined to make the temptation unendurably strong, Bert Chesterfield himself, so stylish, so hand-some, so perfect, drove up to the gate in his ancle's blue satin-lined phaeton.
"Come, Katie! I'll take you over to the

It's a glorious afternoon for a ride. Her heart sprung to her throat at the unexpected music of his voice, and she felt the color surge to her cheeks. Then she suddenly walked down to the carriage and

The phaeton is so delightfully easy," she said, thinking she must say something.
Very; and I presume you will take lots of rides in it, in days to come. yours, you know, when you marry uncle Egbert—aunt Kate's phaeton."

He didn't laugh, though, ridiculous as the words sounded, but she saw an anxious, Then, one moment of silence, and the die

"No," she returned quietly, so quietly she surprised herself, "I shall not marry your uncle Egbert."

"What—not marry a man worth such a fortune? Why, I thought you said—"
The hot color flew to her cheeks.

"Never mind what I said, please; I do not love Mr. Chesterfield, and I'll not marry Her pretty face was averted as she spoke; and Bert suddenly dropped the lines, and turned her head toward him with his hands. "But you'll marry where you do love, Katie? even if he is only a poor man on a salary? even if he is nobody but Bert Ches-terfield? Katie, Katie, darling!"

"I was so cross, this afternoon, wasn't I Kate stole her arms around her friend's

Dreadfully! and I'll accept but one apology."
"I'll make it, Glencora! I do love Bert

and we're engaged, after all! since four First, Glencora kissed her tenderly; sec-

she burst out laughing. Then I'll tell you the little game we've all been playing, Kate. You've got your fortune after all, for Bert is the real heir, and you've married for love, after all, in-stead of money!"

But Kate, when she comprehended it all, declared she had not changed her mind at

Strangely Wed: WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF FRIENDLY MOTIVES. AT noon that day the open barouche was in readiness and at Miss Gardiner's ser-

Lambert, muffled in thick wraps, and dis-

playing a wondering kind of interest in the bustle of preparation, was brought down from his room and assisted into the vehicle. He manifested some uneasiness at first, at finding himself separated from Sylvie. But he was helpless in judgment and easily persuaded as a child, and soon forgot his vague discomfort in the easy roll of the carriage and the new sights spread about him.

They took the broad, straight road to Centreton, and never stopped until they had reached the prison-gates. The ride had exhilarated the invalid; the fresh air had brought a flush to his pale, worn face; he had lost something of the vacancy of his shifting gaze. He scarcely looked like a soul lost in hopeless idiocy; rather like a man numbed by some sudden shock, but with vitality and mental gist enough to ral-

Miss Alethea noted this with an approv ing eye, as, leaning upon her arm, he walk-ed up the paved path to the prison.

She exhibited an order which Mr. Gran-ville had obtained for them; it secured them admittance to the cell where Fonteney

them admittance to the cell where Fonteney now was.

"He's a desperate fellow, ma'am," said the turnkey, as he preceded them through the halls. "He gave the sentinel a rough tussle t'other night, when he tried giving leg-bail; we'd hardly 've got him ag'in but for the trap. He's not such a new one at these games, as most folks think, for all he's such a gentleman. The smoothest of 'em make the worst villains, as I've found out afore this. You needn't be afeard, ma'am; he's well ironed now, and— Is the gentleman to go in, too?"

"Certainly, It is Mr. Lambert, on whom

"Certainly, It is Mr. Lambert, on whom the assassination was perpetrated. Poor young man, he is suffering terribly still from the effect of his injuries. The doctor gave faint hope that a sight of the man who wronged him might stir his memory and account the faculties which home lain documents. arouse the faculties which have lain dormant ever since.'

A very plausible pretext this appeared to one who might be unaware that Percy Lambert and the prisoner never met; but had it all been as she assumed, it is doubtful if Miss Alethea's philanthropy would have urged her to the experiment.

The bitterness she had nourished in her heart for eighteen long years drove her to it now. She came with the deliberate intention of planting a thorn in the breast of the man who was so unjustly imprisoned there—one which should rankle despite all his endeavors to disbelieve her.

"Number 11. This is the cell, ma'am.

I'll stay within call in case you want me. Half an hour is the time allowed?"

The key grated in the lock and the iron door fell back. With Lambert leaning lightly on her arm she entered the cell.

She stood within the narrow room, in closed by solid stone walls, with the sun-shiny afternoon light falling through the aperture, which served as a window, upon her fair face, and lighting up the coils red-brown hair she had framed artistically cultivated tastes, outraged by this blankness of all semblance of comfort, shivering involuntarily in the chill, vault-like atmos phere of the place, yet growing radiantly triumphant at sight of the innocent victim chained to the wall like the most depraved of

A hard mattress had been thrown upon the floor in a corner, a single wooden chair was all the furniture the room contained Afterward, when the prison officials were convinced that the stolid despair he seemed to have lapsed into was not a subterfuge, was supplied with all the needful com forts which their regulations allowed; but this time was too close after his attempt at cape for any indulgences to be granted. He was seated on the chair, his head bow-

ed despondently upon his breast. He rose as they entered, with grave courtesy dignifying his movement there in that bare cell, with a chain dangling from the irons on his wrists and clasped about his ankles. He recognized his visitor immediately, notwithstanding the time which had

apsed since their last meeting. "Miss Gardiner," he said, quietly, with no light breaking through the gloom which had settled on his handsome, clear-cut face, and then his eyes rested upon her compan-

ion.
"It is Lambert," said Miss Alethea, her voice quivering in spite of herself at the meeting with the man she had once loved with such blind passion. "Poor fellow, he is sadly changed! Do you not think so?"

"I can not say, since this is my first meeting with him," replied Gerald. "I am glad know that he has thus far recove May I ask the object of your visit, Miss

His quiet tone galled her, and the gray eyes, with their lids half-drooping, held a malignant sparkle, as she drew nearer him.

"I have come to say that I do not believe in the charge they have brought against you, Gerald," she said, softly. "I do not think the faintest shadow of that crime is attributable to you.

"You do me no more than justice," he answered "Yet, those who should believe as fully have turned against you. Do you know to what a selfish plot you are the victim, Ger-

'It is sufficient to be the victim until] have an opportunity to defeat the plot!' "If you ever have it, which I doubt. You are too far compromised. Your attempt to escape, with the full force of the circumstantial evidence which will be brought against you, will be made to con-

He made no reply, and she went on. "Justine supplied you with tools for that very purpose, Gerald. You see, I know all about your marriage with her. I do not think the child is so much to blame; she was quite too young to know her own mind. At any rate, she has changed it since, and she hates you for having deluded her into such a union. She knows now that she is not the poor girl she was supposed to be at that time, and she believes that you-know- same persecutions you endured before. I and extended a glad welcome to such as

ing this-sought her through merely merce

"Spare yourself further revelations, Miss Gardiner," he interrupted, a slight flush of anger staining his brow. "Did you expect me to believe such slanders of Justine? I

"But, I will be heard. You shall know what a gem you won never to wear. You shall see to what a whimsical little artificer

will not hear her traduced by you of all

you are sacrificed.

"Lambert came to woo her before the old romance had quite died out, while she still idealized you as a hero. He was young, passionate, and overimportunate; she per-suaded her guardian to send her secretly to a lonely country house of his where the young lover could scarcely intrude.

Her solitude there, I think, gave her an "Her solitude there, I think, gave her an insight to her own true feelings. She began by admitting herself less averse to Lambert than she had persuaded herself to believe, and ended in the knowledge that his impassioned, vivacious youth was much more to her liking than the somber, mysterious man she had so thoughtlessly wedded. "It was during her absence from The Terrace that some unknown enemy attempted his life in a most dastardly manner, and you bear the charge of the deed."

ner, and you bear the charge of the deed Justine learned the facts, together with in-formation regarding her own wealth; she concluded at once that you had married her for that wealth; she believes that you made the attempt against Lambert's life, fearing that he might come between you

and her.
"She determined to gain freedom from you. She knew that the evidence would not convict you, so she fixed upon the plan not convict you, so she fixed upon the plan of your attempting to escape, and, after she had furnished you with the tools, caused a hint to be given to the officials connected with the prison. They prepared a trap for you, and met with success.

"When you are once convicted, Justine will less not fine in obtaining a diverse."

will lose no time in obtaining a divorce.

heard her declare it this very morning."

"I will believe the assertion when I hear it from Justine's lips—not before. You have undertaken to destroy my faith in her, but you have signally failed."

"Believe it or not, you will know the truth before long. More than I have told you, she has declared her intention of accepting Lambert in the event of his recovering his mind, of which there is a faint hope She is most sanguine. See! she has given him the ring you put upon her hand on your marriage-day! Can you doubt now how you have been deceived?"

She held Lambert's hand up to view. On his thin, bloodless finger the opal ring gleamed with a bluish light within the circle of cold white pearls.

Fonteney's face turned ashen pale, and

he started forward as if he would have torn the gleaming band away. But the chain which he had forgotten held him back. "If you were a man, and were to tell me that," he cried, his voice husky with sup-

pressed passion, "I would find strength to break these bonds and choke the truth from your lying lips. You are a woman, and once before dared me with impunity; I will not honor you with even my anger; you have nothing but my contempt."

"You will think better of me, I hope," she said, simply. She could afford to bear that much from him, knowing how the words she had uttered would rankle in his

"Is there any thing I can do for you before I go?" "No-yes. Give me the ring from that poor fellow's finger."

She hesitated momentarily, and then com-"Pretty ring," said Lambert, following with regretful eyes. "She gave it to me." "Never mind, Percy," said Miss Gardiner, soothingly. "You shall have another ner, soothingly. "You shall have anothe one. He is artless as a child, and remember bers nothing which occurred before his in jury," she added to Gerald. "His helpless ness is pitiable and appeals to one's warmes

sympathies. Would you would you like

o send any message to Justine?"
He turned on her, his eyes flashing. 'Tell her, if you will, that a beautifu devil came here, trying to shake my fait! in her, but that the effort was utterly Yet, try as he would after she had left him, he could not banish the remembrance stamped upon his brain in letters of fire and the ring was before him, always an ap arent proof that at last Justine had forg en her solemn promise never to part with

He would not believe that she was false to him, and his intense nature, prone to jeal-ousy, could not utterly ignore the insidi-

ous tale he had heard. Suited to The Terrace, fully satisfied with herself. It was growing dusk when she entered Justine's room, followed by a maid, who bore a tray with a substantial luncheon spread upon it. She dismissed the maid with a nod, and then approached Justine as the latter stood silent by the marble hearth.

Miss Alethea had still another task to

concluded Let us be friends again," she said stooping to kiss Justine's cheek. "You thought I spoke harshly this morning, but I lid not mean it so. I want you to believe

that I am working for your truest interests.

Justine knew that it was a Judas' kiss and her heart contemned the woman who could so intrigue to consign a young, inno-cent girl to the fate she knew they had lanned for her. She could not affect a like return to the other's advances, but she forced herself to conceal her distrust and

"We will not refer to the subject of this morning's interest if you please, Miss Gardiner," she returned, coldly. "Does the compulsory course my guardian has thought proper to pursue meet with your sanction

Decidedly not, Justine. It was an unwise measure to deprive you of persona liberty, and the knowledge that Mr. Granville resorted to it has served to strengther a resolve I had previously reached. I see now that I was wrong when I advised you to return to his care, although there was really nothing else you could have done at that time. I am going to aid you now in effecting your escape from The Terrace.' "My escape?" repeated Justine, inquiringly, averting her face to conceal its skep-

tical expression. "Yes, dear. Sit down to your lunch and I will tell you while you eat. 'I perceive that Mr. Granville is deter-

have some influence with Doctor Bruce, and I have persuaded him to enlist with me se-cretly in your behalf. He has promised to place you in a safe retreat until you are eighteen, when your guardian's legal authority ceases. I have bribed one of the servants, and he is to have the carriage in waiting at the avenue gate at nine to-night. I have excused myself from appearing at dinner, and I intend to smuggle you out of the house when they are having coffee in the drawing-room."

"Keeping up the delusion to the last," thought Justine. "Oh, schemers!"

"Where is the retreat you speak of?" she asked, with a semblance of interest.

"Some Catholic school, I believe, until

"Some Catholic school, I believe, until
the hue and cry of the first search is over.
Afterward you can be located in quiet
lodgings," returned Miss Gardiner, slightly
hesitating. "I am going to spend the evening with you, dear; that is, the part of it you
pass here at the Terrace."

Justine had concluded her repast and returned to the hearth. Miss Alethea's proposition startled her. It was rapidly grow-

position startled her. It was rapidly growing dark without, and Mace was liable to come at any time with the ladder. She cast about in her mind for some plan by which to be rid of her undesired and dan-

"Would it not be better for you to appear below," she suggested. "It will tend to divert suspicion which may otherwise attach to you."

What matter, my dear? You forget that I am an independent agent."

"Ah, so you are," returned Justine, abstractedly, and a short silence fell between

them.
"Where is Sylvie?" she asked, presently.
"I should like to see her again. Won't you be kind enough to send her here for a little time, Miss Alethea?"

"She has gone to Bayfield for a day or two—didn't you know it?"

Justine grew nervous. She fancied she heard a stealthy step beneath her window, and started up hastily. The step passed on, and she sunk back in her chair immensely

'What shall I do?" she asked herself, in a desperate mood.
"She suspects something," thought Miss

Gardiner. But they sat opposite each other chatting lightly during the tedious hours of early evening. Mace did not come as he had

agreed. It drew close upon nine o'clock, and Miss Alethea rose from her chair. "Put on your wraps, my dear. I think we will find the passageways clear now."

Justine quietly complied. If left to make the passage alone from the house to the avenue gates she thought she might clude

her enemies, and crossing the park reach the spot where Mace would await her. Silently they threaded the corridors, descended a back stairway, and passed out through a side entrance door directly upon

Justine found herself suddenly seized on either side, a rough hand closed down upon her mouth to prevent any outcry she might have made, and she was hurried to a little distance where the carriage stood waiting "A happy journey, sweet Justine," Miss Gardiner's mocking voice called after her.

She was lifted from her feet and placed

in the close carriage. The door clanged shut and the lock was turned. Then the

vehicle rolled swiftly away down the winding descent.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FRIEND INDEED. WHEN Art Lyon left the mysterious house with Arthur Clare, who for ten years had not been without its walls, he took great care to leave no trace, knowing full well that the bloodhound would be foremost in the pursuit which must before long be instituted. He had procured a horse that was strong, sound of wind, and fleet; and the animal, scarcely heeding its double burden-for Art had no time to seek out a conveyance—skimmed over the hard road as if it understood the necessity of putting distance between its riders and the house

It was a lonely section, little traveled, yet Art struck into byways and lonely wood-paths to avoid the chance of encountering attention by the way. Once, when they came upon a shallow stream with ice frozen at the edges but open in the middle, he guided the obedient animal into the current, and turning up-stream proceeded for a full quarter of a mile before he again took to the bank. He continued to follow the course of the stream, crossing and recrossing it, until he was confident that the keen instinct of the hound would be at fault should their pursuers succeed in tracing them thus far. When Wert arrived at his house that

The noble beast which had served them so faithfully began to lag in its gait, and Arthur Clare, who had kept up through the excitement of finding himself a free man, now felt his fictitious strength ebbing ra

evening, they were twenty-five miles away, and over the borders, in a neighboring coun-

Art saw it, and supported him in the sadalt saw it, and supported him in the sactified with his strong arm.

"Courage," he said. "Don't ye give up now, man. A little further and ye shall find rest and safety, though ye mustn't bide there long. Meat and drink will strengthen the property of the

ye up, and ye must push on, for Justine's sake."

Art slacked the animal's pace to a walk now. It was quite dark when they entered a little village a mile or two further on.

Art proceeded straight to a private house, standing back from the village street, and the reception he met with from its inmates—a woman with jet-black hair, an even row of glittering white teeth, and decided Gipsy features, and a half-grown youth with florid complexion and sandy hair-made it evident that he was no stranger there.

The woman, in her youth, had been one of the beauties of the tribe, and her halfwild grace and wide dusky eyes had captivated a well-to-do tradesman of this little town. She had contracted a runaway marriage, for the Gipsies were jealously watch-ful against diminishing their numbers, and settled contentedly into her new course of life. She had but this one son—a second edition of his good-natured, slow-going father, dead now, years agone; she was shrewd and energetic, and had since carried on the business which in time would be

turned over to the boy. Notwithstanding her altered circumstances, she always retained a warm spot in her mined to coerce you to his will, and if you remain here you will be subjected to the heart for the wandering people of her tribe,

sought her out. Art and old Naome had been among her frequent guests, and the three were mutually devoted to their recip-

rocal interests. Thus Art and his present companion gained unquestioned admittance, and the best that the cozy little house contained was placed at their disposal. The young gipsy held a consultation with his hostess, which resulted in obtaining her promise to send back the horse they had ridden, with-in a couple of days, to its owner. After-ward, she brought out a suit of clothes which was less likely to excite particular observation than the velveteen Art wore.

Arthur Clare, fatigued as he was, was still too excited to compose himself to rest during the few hours they remained there. He had asked no questions, trusting all implicitly to Art; but now the parental longing which during the years of his impris-onment, while he believed his child safe and happy under the guardianship of Gerald Fonteney, had been a quiet sorrow for him-self that he should be denied the comfort of her fond caresses, the clinging clasp of her tiny child arms, the smooth fresh cheek laid lovingly to his-his longing for these dwindled to insignificance compared with the feverish restlessness which had taken possession of him to snatch her away from the dangers which encompassed her, and to restore her to the wealth he had scarcely regretted for himself.

"How long before I shall see my daughter—my little girl?" he asked, as Art came to prepare him for their continued journey. "Soon," returned the latter, cheerfully, though his own heart was heavy with uncertainty as to what might have befallen her. "Ye've other things to think of first. Ye must get yerself safe away from them that'll seek for ye, and be patient till ye can show lawful claim to her."

"Where are you taking me?—what do you mean to do?" asked Clare. "You tell me my child is in imminent danger; surely you will not leave her to the harsh mercies

of her enemies?' They'll never dare to do her hurt !" cried Art, and his face darkened threateningly. "No, no! they'll not do that, make yourself sure. They'll threaten her and be hard with her, mayhap, but they'll never dare to do her greater ill. I'm taking ye to them that'll see ye righted. Do ye remember of one Doctor Chalmers?"

"Doctor Chalmers?—he was my physician Hericaned a partificate of the state of the s

He signed a certificate of my sanity when I first suspected Granville's villainy. did not expect to live then, and I thought to confound him after I was dead by having

every thing secured to Justine." "I've my orders to take ye to Doctor Chalmers," continued Art. "I know no more than ye what's to be done after that, only that ye'll find friends that'll set ye straight"

He had procured a large traveling shawl, the thick, soft folds of which concealed Clare's fearfully attenuated figure. His flowing, snow-white beard was concealed by a large muffler, and he presented the ap-pearance of an invalided old gentleman with no peculiarity to impress an ordinary ob-

They took passage on a midnight express train, which paused at the village station. They alighted from it in the gray dawn of the winter morning, hours before the telegrams which Mr. Granville sent abroad flashing over the bedres.

They took a hack, and were rattled over the stony streets already alive with the la-boring population flocking in crowds to the

various scenes of their daily toil.

It was a confused whirl like an extraordinary phantasmagoria or vivid nightmare to Arthur Clare, who had so long been shut out from the wide circles of human influence and human society. He could scarcely believe but that he would wake again to find himself in that lonely room, with its sable furnishing, with the locked door and the restless movements of the hound leashed without, his only glimpse of the world the solitary view he obtained from the windows where the single metallic casement, fast closed, was secure as the iron bars of a criminal's prison.

His naturally timid, retiring disposition was broken by long confinement; easily influenced by a stronger will, if left to himself now he would have been like a rudderless ship, buffeted about by any wind of circum-stance which might chance to blow upon

But, advised by the forethought of others, he was beyond the danger of recapture be-fore his worst foe had discovered his es-

Doctor Chalmers, a hale, cheery old gentleman, with an atmosphere of unmistakable good living clinging perpetually about him, was already prepared for their arrival. The long ride across country on the pre-vious day had been a tedious roundabout course from the direct route, but their flight would have been easily traced by the nearer ways. Thus it was that Naome had arrived a full hour sooner than they, by way Thus it was that Naome had of the Centreton express, having first assured herself of Justine's safety and of her return to The Terrace.

She had with her the japanned box that had never left her possession since the night Art stole it from its hiding place—the box containing proofs that Arthur Clare was legal possessor of three-quarters of a million. It was Naome who had deposited it, at his direction, in the secret aperture, where she was nurse to him during one of his illnesses at The Terrace so many years

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls: CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK ORESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX

ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR PAINE. WE can not faithfully describe the expression which came into Claude Paine's face, as he turned to discover who it was that plucked at his sleeve, on the corner of Baltimore and North streets.

To simply say that he was astonished would scarcely portray his condition—for that astonishment contorted his face into a dark, scowling, incredulous-fronted visage, very much unlike the handsome features of

a few moments before.

Derrick, too, stared in wonderment. But Paine's uneasy surprise was not yet "Perdition! woman!-what are you do-

The exclamation was so sudden, hissing, penetrating, that Cassa recoiled.
"The deuce!" muttered Derrick. "I

thought you were in New York, by this Then Paine perceived that Cassa looked

worried. There was a restlessness in her eyes that betokened a mind ill at ease; and he saw, further, that she wished to speak, but hesitated. The little scene had already drawn the

gaze of numerous bystanders, who were early at their favorite loitering-place; and he motioned her to follow him, as he wheeled abruptly and started toward Fayette street. "What in thunder do you suppose is the

matter?" questioned Derrick, as he kept by the other's side. Matter? Confound the fates! I be-

lieve she has bad news to communicate." Bad news?"

"What makes you think so?"
"Did you not tell her to go straight through to New York?" "I certainly did." " And I bought tickets for that city. Then how came she here? Why did she leave the train? I feel the bad news com-

When Paine reached Favette street, he crossed over to the unfinished City-Hall side, where there were fewer pedestrians, and would be more of an opportunity to speak with Cassa without attracting atten-

The negress was close behind them. When she came up, Paine demanded again

"Why are you in Baltimore? Didn't Derrick tell you to go to New York?"

"Yes," answered Cassa; "but you tole me I mus' keep de chile, an' dat's why I's

"What do you mean?" sharply.
"When we kem to de station place, she go get up a' ter drink o' water, down t'oder en' de car; an' when I looks fo' her, bress goodness! she done gone."
"Fool! why did you permit her to leave

"I see'd 'er runnin' along on de outside, an' makes a'ter 'er; but she fool me, some-

"And has escaped you?" "Yes—she 'scaped."
The exciting news immediately worked

how, an'-

upon him.

First, he cursed the negress—then he cursed what he called his bad luck.

"Confound the nigger!" grunted Der-"I's been lookin' all roun' town, de

whole o' las' night, an' dis mornin'—'fo' de Lo'd I has! But she's gone fo' shuah." For several moments Paine could not utter a word. He looked down at the pavement, with starting eyes; his hands clenched, his face reddened.

He scented danger in this accident.

Would not Pearl, with the money she had, repair straightway back to Washington; learn of her stepmother's departure; perhaps, by some means, follow them trace them to Baltimore, to St. Louis; eventually make known to Isabel what had transpired, and thus, possibly, ruin all his well-laid schemes? He saw plainly the child must have sus-

picioned that all was not right. But, if so, what had happened to arouse such distrust? Why had she fled from the negress?

He did not stop then to answer the ques-

He reasoned that Pearl would make direct for her home-if she was to be secured at all, the place to catch her was at the va-cant house in Washington.

Cassa must return, then, at once. Derrick must accompany her. The two might be successful, if they acted in prompt con-All this passed like telegraphy through his brain—the decision was reached with

the rapidity of an electric spark. Derrick stood quietly to one side, with hands rammed into the full depth of his

Woman! I'm afraid vou've made more mischief than can be undone by your care-lessness!" Paine exclaimed, suddenly. "If

this child gets back to her mother— 'Your tin pan's bu'sted!" inserted Der-"I am utterly ruined!" finished Paine; adding, hissingly: "and if she does, you will soon be as poor as you ever were. Did I not tell you you should have all the

money you wanted, if you served me faithfully?" Yes, you tole me dat," admitted Cassa,

meekly, for she already felt sorry enough at prospect of losing the regular salary "I knows you tole me dat. But what's I goin' to do?"

"You must go back to Washington-and, Derrick, I want you to go with her."

"Yes, you. Both. Go up to Mrs. Ro-chestine's house, and wait there, and watch. feel sure that Pearl will hasten there. You must secure her." But what if she resists?" suggested

Derrick, inquiringly.
"Threaten her! You can terrify her. But I would not do her any real harm, if I were you. She must be secured, at any cost;" and he added, to the negress: "If

hundred. 'How am I going to find you again?" Derrick asked. I will wait for you at the Southern Hotel, in St. Louis—a week, if necessary."
"All right—"

you are successful, I'll give you another

"Now go. Be off, without delay. Watch at the house, and you will catch her. I know she will go straight there. Don't you see how natural it would be for her to do

Yes. Come on, nig," the last to Cassa. Derrick started down North street, and the negress followed.

They took the first train for Washington. Claude Paine drank several times at the counter of Barnard's wine-store before returning to his hotel.

He did not seek the society of Isabel. He felt that his mind was in no state to permit of calmness then; and it was not until the dinner hour came around that he had sufficiently quieted himself to venture in her pre-

They dined pleasantly together, and the meal was followed by a long tete a tete, teeming with passionate interchanges of sentiment and affectionate caresses.

Late in the afternoon he was pacing slowly to and fro before the office counter, a cigar between his lips, hands folded behind him, and deeply wrapt in thought.

There were several new arrivals; and, as he passed the large book that lay open on the counter, he involuntarily glanced at the

hieroglyphicked page.

As he looked, he paused. Then he drew closer. A new excitement came upon him. Something had startled him—a name; and that name was:

PERCY WOLFE.
"He here!" flashed through his mind, with a force that gave him a shock; "curse the fates! I wonder if he has tracked me?" He strode rapidly away up the stairs to his room. From his room, he sent a message to Isabel, as follows: "If convenient, I would like to see you. Shall I come?"

And the waiter brought back, in answer: "Always at leisure for you, Claude."

He was shortly with her. But she did not imagine that his object was to be sure that she did not show herself by any possible chance, to any one in the hotel—for that very one might be Percy

Wolfe, his dreaded enemy. And every minute was an hour to him, that must elapse before he could flee again from the man he feared.

CHAPTER XX. THE ARREST.

PERCY WOLFE, when he returned to the city with his sister, secured rooms for him-self and her at Barnum's.

He went to the Fountain Hotel, and removed his trunk; then repaired to the depot after Nellie's trunk, which she, in her haste to get to Ingleside, had left at the for-

After they were finally seated alone in Nellie's room, their mutual joy was renew-ed—such a joy as can only exist between brother and sister, after so many long, long

years of separation.

Their hearts were full; lips could not peak fast enough the countless things they had to say. It was the picture of childhood rewrought, in which they almost reassumed the sunny garb of youth, in their very smiles and tears, and foolish yet happy ut-

At last, however, young Wolfe sobered in his transports, checked the gossip of his

"Where's father, Nellie?"
He read his answer in the downcast eyes and sorrowful face.

"Dead," she whispered, tremulously.
The air was hushed around them.

"And mother?" in a suppressed, hesi-

tating voice. "Dead, Percy-dead!"

A strange, hallowed calm prevailed. He drew her close to him. "Then you have been lonely. And I so far away, that you really had no one to—but where's Diamond? She must have grown to be a beautiful, beautiful girl by this time! Tell me: where is she?"

For a second, she was struggling with some powerful emotion; then she threw her arms around his neck, and gazed up at him—her eyes dimmed with tears that were just ready to trickle from the lid. "Percy!—she, too, is dead!"
"All dead?" he murmured, looking ab-

sently down at the carpet.

"All!—ali!" she breathed, tremblingly "But, oh! Diamond is far happier than she would have been, had she lived."

"What do you mean, Nellie?"
"She died of a broken heart!" The words were spoken so low, that he could scarcely hear what she said.
"A broken heart, Nellie? How? Ex-

"I will. It was when she was sixteen years old. But, she was a woman and oh! so lovely. A perfect earthly angel, Percy; and it seemed as if she loved every body, for she was only happy when doing something to please others-"Just like your own sweet self," he broke

"And she was loved by every one," went on Nellie. "One man, who was visiting at our little village, became infatuated with her—worshiped her, as he said; and she, poor child, was won by his pretty speeches and handsome face. He flirted with her, and she believed him sincere. Though I heard him myself promise to return, at a day not then far off, and make her his bride

But he never came, Percy-never ! "Go on, Nellie! And our dear little sister?—Diamond?"

"She waited long for him, sorrowing more and more, as the weary months rolled by; until—at length, she—" Nellie covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. "Tell me the rest." His own cheeks were wet with grieving tears; but he was prepared for any thing now, since he had learned that father and mother had both passed away forever from this life.

could. But she died, Percy-she died in my arms. I shall never forget the sweet smile in her face, when she looked up at me, and said, 'Good-by—good-by, Nellie—sister?' And the last breath called the name of the man who had dealt her this blow! Oh! Percy—and I so dearly, dearly

She wept bitterly. She was not, at this moment, the calm, self-possessed Miss Byrne that she had been while in Mrs. Roches tine's employ, for, now the woe that she had so heroically concealed from the eyes of strangers, overwhelmed her as she drew under the sympathetic fold of a brother's

"Don't weep so," he said, soothingly What was this villain's name?" Claude Paine.' "CLAUDE PAINE!" He stared in amaze

ment; he hardly believed his ears. "What!" thought the young man, "can it be, that the Claude Paine I am pursuing, is the destroyer of my sister's life? By

Heaven! if 'tis so, I will rend him limb from limb!" and then aloud: "Nellie, I am hunting for a Claude Paine!"
"No?" looking at him incredulously through her tears. "But, I tell you, I am. Can it be, that this same villain is the man I am after? In

London, I had a friend named Horace

"Ah!" She leaned forward quickly.
"This friend died—"

"Yes, yes; I know."
"You know?" "He died of fever, did he not?-months

'How did you hear it?" in wonder. "I was governess to their child, Pearl-if

'Pearl! Yes-it must be the same. 'I was governess to their child. It was my only means of living, Percy."

"You governess to Pearl Rochestine?"
"Yes. I left their house yesterday, after
Pearl was sent away, as they said, to In-

'Ingleside!"

"But I have been there, too. Pearl is "I know she is not. And oh! Percy, I fear for her. Her stepmother is in love with this very Claude Paine—I know it.

And he loves her." By heaven! Claude Payne is a scoundrel," cried Percy, as he now felt convinced by his sister's words, that Paine and Isabel Rochestine must be in league together to rob the child.

Have you any idea where he is, Nellie? He has Horace Rochestine's will."
"Horace Rochestine's will!" Nellie gasped in astonishment.

"Yes. And I firmly believe that he and Mrs. Rochestine have plotted to cheat Pearl out of her inheritance."

" Oh, Percy!"
" I do—I do." "But you can easily find this man, by going to Washington, and asking Mrs. Rochestine where he is. She knows—"

Mrs. Rochestine is not in Washington, he exclaimed, growing more agitated.
"Not there?" I was at her house this morning, and it is closed."

Then she has gone to California-to Sac-"Ha! how do you know?" fairly trembling in excitement, and half-starting up.
"Pearl told me that her mother was on

the eve of departure for that place— He sprung to his feet with a cry. "Then we'll be after them to-night, and close on their heels. There's a train to-night for St. Louis. We will go on that, I've no time to lose. I must be off after tickets, and tell them at the office that I am going. There—don't detain me, Nellie, don't detain me!"

Snatching a hasty kiss, he darted from the room, in a wild state of mind, to arrange for their immediate departure.

The individual with the sachel, who was so unexpectedly collared by Neal Hardress and Kirk Brand, at the Camden Station, was rather timid by nature, and he came near sinking down in terror, as those startling

sinking down in terror, as those startling words were growled in his ear:

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

"I beg pardon, sir," apologized Hardress, while he half held up the trembling man, "we've took you for some one else."

"Yes, a—some one else—I assure—I swear I never did anything! Your apology is accepted. Certainly, that's all right—ha! ha!

—it's all right," as he stammered and forced —it's all right," as he stammered and forced himself to laugh, his knees were cracking together, and threatening to bend under him, and when Hardress released him, and he started away, he did not run—but he walked real fast!

walked real fast!
Brand grunted.
"This is a fine go!" he exclaimed, as they left the depot. "How did you ever come to make such a blunder?"
"I can't see. I know I had the right man 'spotted.' He was on that train, and now he's slipped right through our fingers. What's to be done?"
"Bless me, if I know! The only thing left is to begin over again."
"Well, we'll begin over again."
Just then they collided with a man who was hurrying toward the outgoing cars.
"Hello! Neal—Kirk!" he shouted.

Hello! Neal—Kirk!" he shouted.
Why, Sales!" exclaimed the two detectives in a breath, and Brand asked "Have you trapped Estelle Berkely, yet?"
"No, I haven't. I don't believe she's in this city after all. I was on the point of

coming over to see you, in Washington, for a consultation." Well, it's the same luck all around." "Haven't you got him yet?"
"Nary got—"

"Come over to the hotel, and let's talk tere," said Hardress. Within a short space, the three detectives were in the office of a hotel—and that hotel was the Fountain. It was blind fate. "Might as well put up here, anyhow, for to-night. I guess, or till we can look around.'

suggested Hardress. "Yes," acquiesced Brand, and the two turned to the counter, to register. To their utter amazement and delight, the very first name they saw on the book, was that of Percy Wolfe.

"Hooray!" chuckled Brand; and
"By thunder!" blurted Hardress.

They were on the track again. The hotel coach at Barnum's was waiting

for its passengers.

Nellie was inside the conveyance, awaiting her brother, when a lady and gentleman got in, whom, to her astonishment, she imediately recognized: as Claude Payne and Isabel Rochestine. Here was a discovery. She drew her vail closer round her face, while her heart pal-

pitated faster. Presently Wolfe approached. Just as the young man had his foot on the step, two men laid hold upon him. "Halt there, Percy Wolfe! we want

Arrest me! For what?" "To answer for the disappearance of Herod Dean, in the city of London—"
"There is some mistake—" he began. "Isn't your name Wolfe?"

"Then there is no mistake. Come."
He was at first bewildered. But he soon

comprehended.

"Nellie!" he cried, turning to his sister.

"Hush!" she cautioned.

A scream had arisen to her lips, when she heard the words of the man who detained her brother, yet, with admirable presence of mind, she not only smothered that scream, but uttered the timely caution-for, the very parties she and her brother were in search of, sat there, in front of her, and she did not wish to arouse their suspicions as to her

identity. " Nellie!" he continued, in an undertone, for he, too, saw that there were others in the coach, "this charge can not keep me long, I am sure. There's something wrong, but it will soon be adjusted, never fear. You

go on. Here-take this." He handed her his pocket-book. Then she leaned close to his ear, and whispered, rapidly:

"I will send a letter for you, to the office of the Planters' hotel, in St. Louis. You can follow its directions, and you will either find me, or further directions—and so you can trace me up. I have found them, already!"

Ere he could speak again, or ask her what she meant by saying she had "found them

already," he was forced away by Neal Hard-

arready, he was forced away by Neal Hard-ress and Kirk Brand.

Nellie's wits were keen. Before her sat the pair they were in pursuit of. They were going to St. Louis, like herself, and she reasoned that they might make a stop there. Hence the shrewdness of her quick words to her brother.

And as the coach moved off, and Nellie prepared herself to watch the couple into whose presence a strange fate had thrown her, she saw a half-angry, half-triumphant gleam in Claude Payne's dark eyes, as he gazed out at the prisoner who was being led away.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEARL AND HER CAPTORS. PEARL ROCUESTINE faced the ruffian and the crone with a fearlessness that, for several

econds, balked their comprehension.

Nothing could induce her to comply with the evil demand they had made—nothing could terrify her so far as to cause her to swerve from the golden precepts that had been instilled into her heart.

A thief? Never! No matter what the

alternative, she would never be that. The man glared upon her; the crone, taken aback by the unexpected action of the child, craned her neck, and widened her small, sharp eyes to their greatest capacity.

The three children watched the tableau

in fright, and the girl whispered to her

'Rover'll kill her!" Then Rover uttered a loud curse, and snarled, savagely:

"Look'e here, gal, yer'd better mind out!
Ain't yer goin' to do what we wants?"

"No, I am not!" panted Pearl. "Yer won't?"
"No, I won't!" He was growing red with rage.
"Wait, Rover; wait! I'll fix her!" gib-

bered the woman, grinning diabolically.
"Let me settle it! "Oho! we'll soon take the starch out of you—you little fool! I'll fix you!—I will." She stepped quickly to one side, and took a long, thin strap from a peg in the wall.

The three children knew what this

meant, and they gazed sympathizingly on the unfortunate girl. They had felt that strap, till their shoulders were bruised and "What are you going to do with that?" demanded Pearl, compressing her lips tight-

'Ho! you'll find out! We'll show youwe'll show you!"
"Yer'd better mind, now!" said Rover,

threateningly.
"Will you swear?" mocked the wolfish female, as she advanced, menacingly, and flourished the significant strap in the air.

"No, I won't!" cried Pearl. "Don't you dare to strike me with that!—don't you

dare!" The woman shuffled nearer. Pearl's teeth clenched together, and she ssumed a threatening attitude.

The three children scarely breathed.
"I'll give you one more chance!" squeaked the woman, with another of her mali-

cious grins.

"I don't care if you give me a hundred!
—don't you dare to strike me with that, or
it'll be the worse for you! I tell you I
won't!—I won't!—I won't! And I'll scratch your eyes out if you come near me.

I'm not afraid of you!"

"Take care!" The hag circled the strap

above her head. Cut'er!" growled Rover. The children gasped simultaneously, and

Down came the strap, with a hiss and a whiz—a merciless stroke that might have drawn blood. But Pearl was fully aroused-her whole nature was fired—she was blind to all bodi-

ly danger for the moment. With a quick, sharp cry, she caught the descending strap—though the contact blistered her hand—and, with all her little strength, she wrenched it from the other's

Then, with lightning rapidity, she struck —a blow that coiled the strap around the woman's neck, and wrung a shriek of pain But she had not time to repeat the chastisement. Rover grasped her in his power-

ful arms, and pinioned her struggling form, as if in a vice. The woman tore away the strap, that was nearly strangling her, and, with every out-line of feature hideously distorted and

writhing, sprung forward, screaming:
"Let her go, Rover!—let her go! I'll teach her, the scratch cat! Let her go! Let me get at her! I'll kill her!"

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 125.)

Double-Death: THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKEB, (LAUNCE POYNTZ,)
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF
THE RUBIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

TIM'S JOURNEY. When Tim Murphy mounted his horse that night and rode away, he was fully aware that he had a dangerous foe on his track, in the person of the Seneca chief and his seven followers. He judged that they were not the men to leave their comrades unavenged, and that it would be prudent to put as much space between them as possible. He also foresaw that it was necessary to change his own appearance some what, and to that end he carried off with him the garments of the Indians, selecting the best articles from each. Then he turned his horse into the river, and struck boldly out for the opposite shore, although in several places the animal had to swim. rived at the other side, Tim rode off through the woods till he came to a hollow, when he tied his horse, and returned to the bank on

foot, to watch the opposite shore. "Bedad, av they don't come over," quoth Tim to himself, "I may as well camp here for the night, and get a little wink of sleep, and av they try to come, bedad, I'll heel 'em over as they swim, the painted div-

He waited patiently for some minutes, and soon heard the death-howl set up on the other side of the river, announcing that the chief or his trailers had found the scalped bodies of their comrades. As he had anticipated, in a little while more they

appeared in the moonlight on the opposite bank, following the broad trail of the horse's track down to the water's edge. It was an easy shot for Tim, and he was sorely tempted to try it, as they stood huddled together, apparently disputing whether to cross the river or not. Tim counted the seven trailers, but the tall form of the chief was not there, and he concluded that they were afraid to venture across without orders. After waiting a little longer, he heard a rustle in the bushes, and the tall chief-made his appearance, while a hush fell on the In-The chief was heard questioning them, and the whole band stood hesitating for a while, till the chief suddenly dashed into the water, and came swimming across

the river, followed by the rest.
"Now, ye red divils, av I don't make ye howl, may I never fire another shot," mut-tered Double-Death, when they were fairly

He took out his pistols and laid them deliberately on the bank before him, rested his rifle on the root of a tree, and waited. Tim was one of those cool hands who never throw away a chance. A younger soldier would have fired at the heads bobbing in the current, and missed them in the moonlight, probably frightening them back and leaving them to follow him later. This was not Tim's programme. He had just six shots and he meant to reserve them all for close quarters and demoralizing his enemies. The river was narrow and swift, and he knew that the arms of the Indians would certainly be wet and useless when they reached the bank, while they were as clearly ignorant of his presence, or they would have never dared to cross. Very soon the line of heads came nearer and nearer, being swept down the current till it was evident that they would land almost at his feet. The scout waited till four dripping figures rose out of the water, and stood waist deep panting with exertion. Then he fired right and left, with the aim that never missed, and two of the Indians instantly dropped into the river, and were swept away by the current. The third, who was the tall chief, as swiftly followed, and dived, thereby escaping a bullet from Tim's pistol, but the fourth got it somewhere in the body, and fell struggling and howling into the water. Tim picked up his other pistol, and fired at the remaining heads in the water, but all three ducked at the flash, and he had the mortification of seeing the Indians climb up the further bank un armed, before he could reload his three weapons. When he had done so, he started down the bank to intercept the chief, if the latter should make any attempt to land on his side. He saw head in the middle of the river, and heard the roaring of some rapids a little distance below. The chief seemed to think discretion the better part of valor, for he made the best of his way to the other side, while Double-Death returned to his horse and took him into the thickest part of the woods. There, hidden in a dense thicket of underwood that announced the former presence of clearings, the bold scout passed the night, and slept soundly till the pale light of dawn woke him in the morning, feeling convinced that he had effectually

frightened his foes. Then he awoke much refreshed, saddled and fed his horse, ate some food, and started on a tour of inspection down the river bank. As he expected, there were no tracks. The sudden occurrence of six shots in succession the evening before, when the Indians had only tracked one man, had aroused their superstition, and they began to whis-per that it must be the dreaded warrior, Double-Death, who was reputed to fire all

day long without loading.
As soon as Tim was satisfied that he was alone on the south bank of the Mohawk, he returned to his horse, and rode boldly away through the country, following the old Indian paths, and passing almost within sight of the block-house at Fort Plain, which he did not visit, however. He was too anxious to keep his coming and going a secret, and teo anxious also to get on with his journey. There were many signs of Indian parties around, camp-fires and such like, but they were all many days old, and Tim had re-solved to push forward in spite of them. By evening he had made sixty miles more, and was in the very heart of the trackless wild-erness, abandoned even by the Indians themselves, who had clustered around the

lakes of the Genesee valley That night the scout ventured to make a fire, very small, and of dry wood and punk that glowed fiercely without flaming. He built it in the midst of a dry swamp, in a hollow tree, and stabled his horse under a spreading hemlock, in warmth and peace. Both man and horse required rest now, the latter especially, for their journey had been rapid, and where they were, was safety.

It was not till late the next day that Tim started on his westward journey, and when he did, he had completely metamorphosed his appearance. Instead of the soberly dressed ranger of Morgan's Corps, he had been transformed into an Indian on the war-path, plumed and painted, with a gay scarlet blanket hanging from his shoulders. In this guise, he rode boldly into the Indian country next day, careless of who saw him at a distance, resolved to pass himself off as the returning member of a war-party, who had slain Double-Death and taken his weapons. That afternoon he rode southwest, till evening brought him in sight of the extreme end of Lake Cayuga, the present site of the town of Ithaca, then occupied by an Indian village. Tim halted on a hill that overlooked the rich alluvial flats on which the village was built. He saw cornfields, several square miles in extent, fruitful orchards and neat frame houses, with plenty of stock in the fields near the houses, and he thought it most prudent not to venture into the village that night. He knew the tribe to be Cayugas, and he knew moreover that if Everard was alive anywhere, it would probably be in the Seneca country, where Queen Esther's band be-longed. So Mr. Murphy retired into the forest with great prudence, found a dry swamp, his common place of refuge, and dealt out to his horse the last feed of oats in Soon after dark, however, he stole out on foot, went down to the cornfields and plucked about thirty ears, with which he stole back undiscovered to feast his

"After all," soliloquized Tim that night as he smoked a quiet pipe, keeping the spark in the bowl carefully hidden under his hat, for fear of its catching the eye of a passing Indian, "after all, 'tisn't such a hard job to bate an Injun in cunnin'. Now here's Tim Murphy, all alone, in the middle of their country, and sorra one o' them knows where he is, this blissed minute, or he wouldn't kape a whole scalp long, I'm think-

And with a quiet philosophy, born of his coolness and self-reliance, Tim composed himself to sleep, in the swamp, within less than a mile of a village of Indians, all his deadly enemies.

But no harm came to him. On the contrary, the rest and food had so invigorated his horse, that the animal seemed as fresh as when it left the Neilsons', having been mable to finish the bountiful supply of corn given it by Tim. The borderer ate his last mouthful of food, mounted his horse, and then pursued his journey, down the plain Indian road that led to Lake Seneca and the

He rode rapidly all day, expecting to be met by plenty of Indians, but to his surprise none of them seemed to be about. prise none of them seemed to be about. Tim had adopted the distinctive marks of the Mohawk tribe, now that he was going among the Senecas, as the former were allies, at some distance from the latter, and he ran less risk of detection by members of the same tribe. He knew moreover that Brant, with the Mohawks, was on the war-path somewhere to the north of the Mohawk river. The absence of all the Senecas seemed to indicate that they too were away on some expedition, and everything looked fa-

vorable to Tim's plan. He boldly followed the broad trail, that led him through forest scenes of surpassing beauty, now among stately rows of gigantic oaks, then among groves of the sweet smelling sugar-maples, or under the deep cool shade of hickory and walnut tree, till at last he emerged at the edge of a gentle rounded slope, and beheld before him the laughing valley of Sheshequin, golden with ripe corn, and covered with orchards of

apple, pear, and peach, in rich profusion.

Through the midst of this smiling, undulating plain, girdled with primeval forests, ran a winding path, trodden for cenests, ran a winding path, trodden for centuries; and into this path rode Double-Death, with perfect coolness. As he went on he kept his eye fixed on the village ahead, expecting to see a dozen warriors start out on horseback or afoot to inspect the stranger. But none were visible. The sharp eyes of the children spied him first, and they ran into the wigwams and houses to call their mothers, but as Tim tranquilly

advanced, there seemed to be no warriors left. He rode up into the very midst of the village before he saw a male creature of any kind, and then he was greeted by an aged, white-haired chief, who was sitting on the steps of one of the houses, smoking. The squaws Tim had not deigned to notice, true to his assumed character.

The old Indian saluted Tim gravely "My son is far out of the track," he said.
"The warriors of Sheshequin are gone with the brothers of my son's tribe to hunt the pale-faces, with Brant and the White Chief of Caughnawauga." My son should be with them, and not showing clean weapons before women. Tim showed at his belt the scalps of five

Indians, and answered:

"Black Wolf has been on the war-path, and left his brothers behind. He has slain the thieving Oneida that clings to the rebel, and has scalped the white chief they call Double-Death. Behold his weapons."

And he held up the celebrated rifle that

had gained him the name of Double-Death.

The old chief looked surprised.

"No man has ever wounded Double-Death before," he said; "and are you the man to take his scalp?"

"Here it is," said Tim, coolly.

As he spoke he held up one of the scalps of which he had cut the hair short, so as to

resemble that of a white man.

"Let the Senecas and Mohawks go," he continued. "Black Wolf fights alone, and rides in the forest without help. When did the warriors depart, and which road took

He was anxious to find out the destination of the expedition, but did not dare to show his anxiety, for fear of exciting his hearer's suspicion They went four days ago, and took the

northern track from Niagara to Caughna-wauga," said the old Indian.

Ah! then I should be too late to follow them," said Tim. He had found out the reason of his unopposed march. The In-dians were on the war-path on the north bank of the Mohawk.

"And the white prisoner of Queen Sheshequin," he pursued, carclessly; "where "He is here," replied the Indian, with the Spy Queen."

CHAPTER XV. THE GLEN.

Tim was nonplussed. The Spy Queen! If Queen Esther was here, he knew her well enough to be certain he would be rewell enough to be certain to cognized, in spite of his disguise.

"And did not Queen Sheshequin go the horth," he

asked, "as well as to the south? Is she grown too old to march?"

"Not so," said the Indian, gravely.
"Queen Sheshequin went before her warriors, with Black Eagle and twelve braves. She went by the south road to Cherry ley, and thence to the field of the great battle last year. She went in the great wagon given her by the White Chief of Caughnawauga. My brother may have met her on

Tim was too guarded to exhibit surprise, but his heart gave a great leap at the news.
"Ay, ay, I saw her," he said, indifferently. "But she was well disguised, for I knew her not. And the Spy Queen—where

"Up Sheshequin Glen, with the young nite prisoner," said the Indian, with some white prisoner," said the Indian, with some little scorn. "The Great Father is foolish to trust his business to squaws, for she does nothing all day but walk with the young stranger. But then we are civil to her, because without her the Great Father will send us no more presents, and she has promised us many rifles and much rum."

Tim could hardly restrain his eagerness

to be off, but he was hearing too much news not to endeavor to hear more. The old Seneca was perfectly unsuspicious, and seemed to have lost the usual Indian caution in the garrulity of age. The Spy Queen was evidently an agent of the British Government among the Indians, and Tim formed the bold design of carrying her off, the instant he heard of it. vas only necessary to ascertain whether Everard Barbour and the white prisoner were the same person.

'The white prisoner is the one taken by Black Eagle near Pocono, is he not?" he asked.

* Sir John Johnson, son of Sir William, the old ndian agent. The Indian name of Johnstown was saughnawauga, and the Johnsons were accounted hiels among the tribes.

"Ay," said the Indian, readily. young boy from the camp of the rebel sol-diers, not worth keeping. But the Spy Queen seems to be fond of him, and dresses him up as a chief of the Senecas.' Tim had found out all he wanted to

know.

"It is well!" he said, abruptly. "The way of Black Wolf is long and the night is coming. He goes to the lodges of his people to the north. Farewell."

"Will not my brother rest at Sheshequin for the night ?" asked the old Indian, courteously. "White Raven has a house, and it is open to his Mohawk brothers."

"Black Wolf rides alone," said Double-Death, gravely. "When his foot is on the war-path he enters no house. He will but gather a few ears of corn for the horse he took from the pale-face chief, and then he will ride homeward to the lodges of his

White Raven made no opposition when he heard this, for the Indians will sometimes take whimsical vows, like the knights errant of old, and their compeers respect them. Double-Death galloped out of the village at full speed, and plunged into the woods to-ward the north, leaving the quiet hamlet to relapse into the same quiet in which he had found it. He kept on his way to the north, the home of the Mohawk tribes, till he wa at a safe distance and the sun was growing low in the west. Then he sought his old place of concealment, a dry swamp, and fastened his horse securely in the midst of a natural stable, formed by two or three huge spreading spruce trees that completely shel tered the animal. He had plucked a huge bundle of corn on the way, as he had an nounced to White Raven, and he threw down the green ears before the horse, say-

"Ate as much as ye like, ye baste, and don't let a word out of yer head, av yer don't want yer hide tanned afoor ye're did. D'ye mind that now? Ye'll have a good tramp to-night, carrying double, av we have

ny luck at all, so ate yer fill."

Then Double-Death looked to his weaons, and struck off through the woods to the foot of the bold, rounded swells that surrounded the valley of Sheshequin. It was his object to enter the glen from above, for he had a good idea of the way there having often heard it described by the In-

The warriors being away from the village rendered his expedition all the more feasible, as the squaws seldom wandered far from the lodges. In less than half an hour he was at the foot of the ridge, which was covered, like all the rest of the land, with a

heavy pall of forest.

The climb was a fatiguing one, but the view from the top was ample repayment, if Tim had been romantically inclined. He was not, however, and all the glories of a fall sunset over miles of dark forest, open plain and poetical lake were wasted upon him. The scout turned from it and ran off The scout turned from it, and ran off through the woods that crowned the ridge, till the trickling of waters ahead warned him

that he was approaching the glen.

In a few minutes more he came out of the woods and stood on the brink of a tiny, round pool, as black as jet, into which on one side ran a little stream, which left it on one side ran a little stream, which left it on the other, and disappeared in a cleft in the earth. Tim had come upon the true begin-ning of the lovely glen of Sheshequin, and stood at the source of all its wonders.

A crimson ray of the setting sun shone through an arch of the wood across the pool, and lighted up the dark cleft into which the stream fell with a stifled roar, casting up a shower of white spray against the bare cliffs of black rock, molded into fantastic buttresses and towers, by the artificer, nature, her tools being water and

From where the borderer stood he could see the stream, winding and leaping down-ward, by successive stages, into the bowels of the earth, the cliffs growing bolder at every leap. Tim hesitated no more, but swung himself down into the first hollow, descent of not more than four feet, and commenced the descent of the glen. It was not difficult. The stratification of the lime stone and shale, of which the sides of the glen were composed, was perfectly horizon tal, and the steps taken by the water gradual and easy. At first not over ten feet wide, the glen swelled out into a succession of little chambers, contracting here and there into narrow passages, as some harder rock stood up in a sturdy column, denying a free passage to the stream, which undermined it and formed a shallow cavern, from the edge of which depended a glittering curtain of drops in a rainbow vail.

The borderer kept on down the stream, thinking but little of the singular beauties of the scene, for he was expecting every noment to come upon Everard. He pass in this manner through a succession of fan-tastic and beautiful glens, each more beautiful than the other, till a long, narrow, winding passage at last brought him out into the large rocky amphitheater, in which stood

the house of Queen Esther.
When Tim entered this, the sun had set and night fallen on the stream and all the surroundings. In that place, shut in by lofty walls of rock, it was already too dark to distinguish faces or figures, and Tim could see that lights were burning in the house, and that the inclosure round was empty. Without more delay the scout step ped softly forward, and found himself un ler the windows of the house, looking into the basement. The light came from one of the windows opening on a gallery above, hat ran round the house Swiss fashion Tim first made sure that no one was down stairs. Doors and windows were alike wid open in the careless freedom of security and the soft, moccasined tread of the scou made no sound on the bare boards of the floor. Tim made a complete exploration of the four empty rooms that composed the basement, before he proceeded up-stairs and then he went round by the outside stair case. He expected every moment to hear the alarmed scream of a squaw, and kept his eyes warily open in all directions. There was no one on the gallery. So far, so good. The light came from a window at the other end of the house, and he crept softly along till he came opposite, before he ventured to

When he did, he could hardly restrain an exclamation of delight.

There was his long-sought, favorite offi-cer, Everard Barbour, alive and well, within twelve feet of him.

But what a changed being was Everard!

He was clothed in the full gala dress of an Indian chief, but made of more splendid materials than usual, for real jewels glittered on his bare arms and neck, and his leggins and moccasins were of velvet. The feather head-dress into which his fair hair

was woven was more splendid than any thing Tim had ever seen, and the youth wore a tomahawk and scalp-knife, both heavily mounted with silver. But all this heavily mounted with silver. But all this was nothing to the dress of his companion, a tiny lady, with long, golden hair, who had one arm twined around Everard's neck in

familiar fashion.

"Be the howly poker!" muttered Tim, under his breath, as he surveyed her, "she's a rale beauty, so she'is. Och! Miss Marian, sure an' yer heart would ache this blissid

minute, could ye see Misther Eyerard—och, the crather, av she isn't kissin' him!"

And, indeed, it was true. The little lady, whose beauty seemed almost unearthly in that wild place, was actually kissing Eve-rard. Tim was puzzled at her looks and dress. In form and fashion it resembled that of the Indians, but it was cut with a peculiar grace that showed the hand of a foreign dressmaker, and made of expensive silks and velvets. The borderer could not

understand who she could be. "Bedad, av that's the Spy Queen," he muttered, "it's not Tim Murphy that'll be takin' away any sich purty crature to be bing for a spy, l'avin' the quistion of possibility intirely. Hoigh! what's the matther?"

The little lady had jumped up, saying: "I'll run and get it immediately, pet," and so vanished out of the room.
"Now's the time," thought Tim. He put his head round the corner, and gave utter-

"Liftinant, I'm here—Tim Murphy. Run ye divil! Now's yer time afore she comes back."

ance to the whisper:

CHAPTER XVI.

A REVELATION.

On a bright, lovely morning, rather more than a year from the date of the battle of Bemis' Hights, John Neilson rode out beside the lumbering carriage of the Countess of Montouraine, where the countess herself sat with pretty Marian Neilson. The old lady had succeeded in charming every one in the house, even Mrs. Neilson, who had been disposed to be stiff at first in her manner. She effected that lady's conquest by liberal praise of a wonderful breakfast cake that Mrs. Neilson was particularly proud of

manufacturing.
When the countess insisted on her putting up a number of these for a lunch on the road, Mrs. Neilson was very much flattered, and expressed her opinion that the countess was a sensible woman after all, "none of your fine stuck-up French fallals, who think themselves too good to eat plain farmers' fare."

farmers' fare."

Mrs. Neilson did put up an immense package for lunch, and the countess accepted them with profuse thanks.

The carriage, with John Neilson riding beside it, took the road as far as the deserted house of John Barbour, which Marian could no longer behold without a shudder, and then turned off across the fields to Burgoyne's old: lines. On the way the Burgoyne's old, lines. On the way the countess pressed Marian to tell her the cause of her shudder, and the poor girl hurriedly told her the outlines of her own and

Everard's sad story.

"And now, madam," she said, weeping,
"I know not if he be dead or alive, and
oh! madam, I wish I knew for certain. I would go to him if he was in prison, indeed I would, and share his prison: but I fear he has been murdered by those cruel Indians, and I shall never see him again."

As she said these words, the old countess

turned and regarded her with a strange

You are very fond of this young man?" she asked, abruptly.

"Madam, we are engaged to be married,"

The countess took a pinch of snuff and shook her head.
"Hum!" she ejaculated; "the one does

not always follow the other, child. Does your father approve of it?" 'Yes, madam, and mother, too," said

Marian, eagerly.

"And the young man," said the countess, abruptly. "Has he a father?"

"Yes, madam," said Marian, in a low

"Indeed, and why is he not at home?"
"I don't know," said Marian, a little con-"Does he approve of the match?" asked the countess, turning her sharp eyes on Marian's blushing face. "I mean the fa-

"N-n-no," the girl unwillingly admit-

ted. "Why not?" "He is a Tory," said Marian, in a low voice, "and we are patriots. So is Everard,

poor dear, and he has left his father's house n anger."
"So!" said the old lady, in a dry tone

Is there no other reason?" Marian blushed deeper than ever, and a ook of resentment came over her features. "There was one other reason," she said, very low. "Mr. Barbour was very proud of his family, and he thought us beneath

The countess took another pinch of snuff, and turned to John Neilson, who was just then riding up to the door.

"This here place, marm," said John, "is the place where one of our Ginerals was hit in the leg, when them darned Hessians got licked in the redoubt. He war carried off, marm, by Major Armstrong and a young feller of this neighborhood—" And John stopped suddenly, as he re-

membered his wife's injunction not to men-tion Everard's name before Marian. "What was the young man's name, mon-

sieur?" asked the countess.
"Wal," said John, awkwardly, "his name were-mind, Marian, I didn't go fur to hurt yer feelin's, my gal, but the lady axed me—his name were Everard Barbour, Yer see, there were some spoonin atwixt him and my gal there, and she feels mortal bad about it, marm, just now she do, 'cause the poor young feller got sculped by the Injuns of that darned old witch Queen Esther down in Wyoming. poor little gal was down thur herself, marm and see'd all the horrors of the massacree she did, and kin tell yer all about the bloody varmints, marm."

The countess turned round to Marian. "And so you were at Wyoming," she said; "and how did you escape from dat old witch, Queen Esther, as your father calls

'Nay, indeed she was kind to me, father," said Marian, half-apologetically. "Al I was not killed like so many others." "Aha!" said the countess. "So de old witch, Queen Esther, was not so bad to

you, after all."
"She were bad enough in all conscience.

marm," said honest John, indignantly.
"My gal seen her with her own eyes kill "My gal seen her with her own eyes kill sixteen men, and they standin' tied in a row. She tuk a a hatchet, and brained 'em one after another, till she come to Tim Murphy, the same feller as saved my gal, and he bruk loose and run, with all the painted devils arter him, an' the old she divil cheerin' em on. Oh! I'd like to get my grip on her skinny old throat, so I would."

The old countess seemed to be amused at the warmth of the farmer. "Ah! monsieur," she said, placidly, "I do not know moch about dese t'ings, you know, but dey tell me dat dis Queen Esthaire have one grand cause for revenge against de French and deir ally, de Ameri-

cains. I nevair hear dat she cruel to de womans or childs."

' Nay, I'll own that," said John Neilson. honest even to an enemy. "She freated my gal fust rate, and I take all that back about throttlin' her myself: but, I tell you, she'd better not let Tim Murphy ketch her. He got off safe, and slew'd a Injun as had stole his rifle, as he calls Double-Death, and he's down on her, is Tim. He's a Irisher, to be sure, and them ain't expected to do as much as born Amerikins, but Tim's a good feller, and he reskied my gal like a good feller, marm."

"Well, monsieur," said the countess, changing the subject; "so dis is de field of de great battaille? And how far, monsieur, is it to Saratoga?"

About two miles," said John. "And are dere any houses on de way

"And are dere any houses on de way dere?" asked the countess, quietly.
"Very few, marm. This here cross-road runs into the Quaker Springs Road, back of Wilber's Basin, and then yer come right into the woods, and no houses till Cherry Valley. They say that the Injuns has been seen hangin' round 'bout them clearin's, and we don't care to go very far that ways."

"Let us drive into dat road, monsieur?" said the countess, suddenly; "and so come home by de way we came."

home by de way we came.

"Sartinly, marm," said John, readily.
Here, fellers, this way."
And the carriage went bumping around the stumps to the cross dirt-road he had mentioned, which ran back of Burgoyne's old line through a dense wood, John by the carriage window and expatiating on the battle of the previous year.

When they were in the thickest part of the woods, the countess suddenly rose in her seat, remarkably erect for an old lady, and cried out:

"Stop, mes enfants, stop!"
Instantly the postillions pulled up and the two lackeys leaped down from the box to the ground, as if awaiting orders to open the door. John Neilson pulled up, a little surprised at the halt in such a place, but he came up to the window immediately when the old lady beckened to him. At the same moment the two outriders crowded their horses in, so as to press his animal close to

the wheels of the carriage.
"Monsieur Neilson," said the old countess, in a clear, stern voice, very different from what she had used, "we will stop here, and you will be dismount, if you please. I want your daughter to go with me, monsieur."

A dim idea crossed John's brain that the countess was crazy, but her next words dispelled it, and brought a faint shriek from

"She is no longer your daughter, but mine, sare. And I am de old witch, de shedevil dat you talk of but now, monsieur. I am Catherine Montour, Queen Sheshequin, Queen of the Senecas, and you are my pri-

For one moment John Neilson was par-The next he turned round and would have struck down his captors outide, when he found himself covered by the muzzles of two horse-pistols in the hands of the two stolid-looking French-Canadian utriders, while his bridle was firmly grasped by one of them.

Resistance is folly, monsieur," said Queen Esther. "I have a mind to show you that I can be merciful as well as fierce. Take him off his horse and do as I told

The last words were addressed to the outriders, who seemed to understand them, for they nodded. Poor John Neilson was forced to hold out his hands, when a pair of handcuffs were fitted on them, and he was taken off his horse and into the thick wood out of sight of his agonized daughter. Poor Marian sat as if she had been turned to stone, helpless and resigned, too much

stunned to speak. The false countess turned with a maliganant smile, and observed:

"So we are met again, Marian Nellson. I shall now take you where no American expedition can follow you, into the heart of our country. Let me see Double-Death rescue you there. Keep up your spirits there, girl. I am taking you to your lover. But you will find him changed, or I mistake much. He has forgotten you, fool that you are, and so you will have the less reluctance to marry the chief I have chosen for you. Your father will not be hurt. The have bound him to a tree and gagged him. That is all. Here they come. Allons!" And away rolled the clumsy coach on

the Quaker Springs Road, carrying Marian a helpless prisoner. (To be continued—commenced in No. 127.)

MERCILESS MATT:

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(STAR NOVEL, No. 99.)

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TO JOE JOT, JR.

BY M. E. C.

Evidently our contributor, Joe Jot, Jr., is a public benefactor. When he produces such con fessed results as are indicated below, he is entitled to a "sheepskin" Philo. D. D. B .- ED. 1

I suffer not from indigestion, Because my dearest friend Advised. I followed his suggestion, And read what you had penned.

Worse than with laughing-gas besotten, I laughed and laughed again, Till I had more than quife forgotten My ceaseless, stinging pain.

I burst my fancy paper collar, And dropped my "dentals" out, And scared the parson dead—our caller— In one unearthly shout.

My gray hairs turned again as blackly As in my youth they were; I acted so demoniacly The household ran for fear.

The corrugations disappearing
From my worn and haggard face,
Have made my wife more persevering
In acts of wifely grace.

Before this wondrous revolution, She governed with the mop; She censured then without compunction, No peace, no calm, no stop.

But now she says I'm worth the having, My beauty none can tell:
She says I'm like a fine engraving,
Since my dyspepsia fell.

So here's to you, my Joe Jot, Junior, Bright as the vesper star; Long may you live to write your humor, And Melancholy scare!

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

III.—Among the "Dusky Maidens." My New Partner. A "Scrimmage" with the Blackfeet. Again taken Prisoner. Reception in the Blackfoot Village. The Council of Death. Running the Gaullet. Essape of Tansequenamba. The Pawnee Indians. Scalps at a Discount. Ready to Roost. Saved from Death by Indian Masonry. Interpreter for the Blackfeet. Freemasonry among the Blackfeet. A White Captive. Indian Agents.

I REMAINED a long time at Fort Aspenhut, spending my time and money among the dusky maidens who thronged the grounds, and whose only desires were to dance and wear a gay dress. But even pleasures become stale, and I grew tired of this mode of life, and while getting ready for a new start, there came into the fort an Indian, whose countenance was very familiar to me, and whom I found to be the same one who had given me a timely warning two years before, after a night battle, while acting as guide for the Oregon emigrants—to which incident I may hereafter refer.

The recognition was mutual, and I in duced him to accompany me on my tramp to the north. The next day we left, in-tending to go to the Nez Perces country, where I had heard there was an abundance

The companion I had chosen was a Pawnee Loup, named Tansegawamba. I left off the largest part of his name, and there-after called him Tansy; which suited him just as well, especially when I told him that tansy-and-rum was a favorite beverage among the good old deacons of New En-

He would never more than half believe the stories I used to tell him of the strange sights and wonderful machines they had in of the telegraph, or try to explain to him the mysteries of steam, he would listen very patiently, and the longest answer he ever gave was, "Waugh, conoin!"

And so, no matter whether I talked Greek and Latin or Pawnee, it made no difference to him. His ideas of science and theology were decidedly vague, but on the subject of trapping, and the habits of every animal known to him, he was "at home."

We were in the country of the Blackfeet, and were obliged to be unusually cautious One day we came upon the trail of a smal party, upon the examination of which, we found that it consisted of six Blackfoot In dians, and that the trail had been made since morning. Being in their own country, and unsuspicious of danger, they made no effort to hide their footprints

A moment's conversation with Tansy decided our route, and taking the trail, we were after the Blackfeet, resolved to have a little "scrimmage" with them before morning. We came up with them about dusk and found them encamped by a little

spring, and cooking their suppers. Personally, I had nothing against the Blackfeet, and I resolved that I would not kill one of them except in self-defense Rough and reckless as I had become, there was something repugnant in the idea of killing a man who had never harmed me. But I knew that Tansy would never let such an opportunity pass for securing the scalp of an enemy; and I knew also that I would not desert him even had I known that my own life would have paid the

for my rashness. We lay and waited until they had all gone to sleep (for they did not think it worth while to leave one of their number on guard); then Tansy loosened his belt and seeing that his gun was all right, he started for a scalp. Stealthily as a cat about to spring upon a mouse, he crept to the side of the first sleeper, and raising his hatchet, buried it in the brain of the brave who led the party. Not waiting to see the result of his blow, he stepped over the body, and a dull thud told that another Blackfoot had gone to the "happy hunting-grounds." In stepping to the third one, his foot slipped, and missing his aim, he inflicted a severe wound upon the shoul-der of the Indian, who started up with a yell. It was his last one, however, but had the effect of bringing the other three to their feet in an instant.

Tansy, deeming discretion the better part of valor, ran toward where I lay watching the fun. The three Indians were close up on his heels, and I saw that he would be killed if I did not interfere, and raising my rifle, I "dropped" the foremost Indian. The others stopped in their course, and not knowing how many might be concealed in the bushes, they turned and were soon out of sight. When I fired, Tansy turned, and in less time than I am writing it, was in

possession of four Blackfoot scalps. I give this, not because there is any thing very remarkable or commendable in the act; but merely to illustrate the reckless daring of a particular class—the Indian I who were the rulers of the nation. There

scout. I never shot an Indian for the sake of having one less in the world, for I had no revenge to gratify; and with but three exceptions, only when it was to save my own life.

But here we were in the heart of the Blackfoot country, and we knew that the sooner we got out of there the better were our chances of living; for there was one thing of which we were morally certain, and that was that the two Indians who had escaped would soon return with a large party; and that before long that part of the country would be too hot for us.

I was not very much surprised, the se-cond day after, to find ourselves surrounded by at least fifty Blackfoot warriors. Resolved to die "game," if at all, I called Tansy to follow me, and just as I was raising my rifle to shoot an Indian who stood an Indian who stood an Indian who stood and Indian in my way, an arrow struck my hand, and glancing, hit me above the eye, and brought me down. At the same time Tansy re-ceived a blow which laid him senseless, and

we were soon bound. When I was able to figure up the damages, I found I had a broken finger, and the blood was still streaming from my head; but I was plucky and would not let them know how much I was suffering from the pair.

the pain.

After a hurried march of two days, we arrived at the village of the Blackfeet, and met the usual insults from the squaws and children, who would come up and pinch our arms and ears, pull our hair, and tread on our toes. One old hag of a squaw came and stood in front of me, and spat in my face, which rather "riled" me, and I gave her a kick in the stomach which doubled her up like a jack-knife, and she went off howling. But I found that I had not gained very much in their estimation by resenting the insult; for though they kept at a safe distance, they commenced throwing sand in my face, and striking me with long sticks, until the chief put an end to their fun, and ordered us to the guard-house.

An old medicine-man came in and bound up my wounds with some herbs, and the pain ceasing, I was soon in a sound sleep. The medicaments of an Indian doctor are The medicaments of an Indian doctor are very simple, and precisely like those used tribe. Each band is independent and un-

were also two head chiefs, who sat with the council whenever it was in session. The office of first councilor is the highest The office of first councilor is the highest in the nation, next to the head chiefs, whose authority is equal. When any matter is discussed, if the votes are equal, one of the old pipe-men is summoned before the council, and the subject under discussion is stated to him, with the substance of the arguments on both sides; after hearing which he gives his vote which decides the which he gives his vote, which decides the question. When war is declared on any tribe it is done by the council. If any party goes out without authority of the council, they are all flogged, and their whipping is no light matter. It makes no difference what may be the rank of the offender, or how great his popularity with the tribe, there are no favors shown; the man who fails to obey orders is bound to be whipped, and if he resists or resents the punishment, he suffers death.

The council met, and as I expected, we were condemned to die at the stake. Tansy was to run the gantlet in addition to his torture by fire; because they considered him the worst enemy, as the scalps were all in his possession. Besides this, he was a Pawnee, which fact was in itself a sufficient

reason why they should kill him.

The Pawnees, in point of morals, are probably the most degraded of all the tribes west of the Missouri river, and are held in supreme contempt by all other tribes. They are quite a large nation and could undoubtedly muster fifteen thousand warriors. They are the inveterate enemies of the whites, as a rule killing them whenever they can. A treaty made with the Paw-nees at night would, at the time I write, have been broken the next morning. If any of my readers should ever engage in a battle with them, let them remember that the Pawnees take no prisoners excepting women and children.

The Pawnee tribe is divided into five

bands, thus:
The Grand Pawnee band; the Republican

Pawnee band; the Pawnee Loups, or Wolf Pawnees; the Pawnee Pics, or Tattooed Pawnees; and Black Pawnees.

can remember, death has had no terrors. I was positive in my mind that the future could be no worse than the past had been, and I have always wished that when I die, it may be without a moment's warning.

Very soon they came and conducted me

to the spot where a green tree had been set in the ground, and the piles of dry brush and wood lying near was satisfactory evidence that they intended to have their roast well done."

I was stripped and bound to the stake with green withes, and, as usual on such occasions, the young warriors went through their regular exercise of throwing hatchets, some of which came alarmingly close to my ears. I was so busy with my thoughts that I paid no attention to what they were doing; not even flinching when one, more careless than the rest, would graze my cheek with an arrow, or cut a lock of hair

from my head with a tomahawk.

As soon as the old chief made his appear ance, the warriors stopped their exercise and awaited in silence the command of the chief to start the fire. Advancing from the circle of warriors, he stood in front of me and said :

"You are Mo-he-nes-to! Once you were a brave chief of the Sioux, and your arm struck down many of my best warriors! You stole our horses and carried away our women! Will you die like a brave, or like a squaw? Will some fair-haired woman in the land of the rising sun weep

when you return no more? I was convinced that my case was a hopeless one, so I thought I would provoke him to kill me immediately, and I commenced to taunt him.

"Chief," said I, "you are an old fool!
You know I have killed many of your best warriors, and left them to the wolves with their scalps on! The scalps of Blackfeet braves are like the skin of a skunk; not worth carrying home! No one but a squaw would scalp a Blackfoot, for they are little children!"

I observed the chief was looking intently at my breast, and upon the "mark" or fig-ure of the Tau cross, which, years before, had been left there by the "brotherhood"



Mohenesto; or, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

by Chiron and Esculapius, in olden time. The half-savage physician may be ignorant but I have read that when Hippocrates began to mix theories with medicine, its healing powers grew less. And while some sneer at the mummery of the "medicine dance" and manipulative pow-wows of the savage, I contend that such imposture is not a tenth as had as the frauds of sectarian "systems," or antagonistic "schools" of materia medica, as practiced in the midst of

The Indians know of certain roots and herbs that will cure almost any disease they are liable to contract; and with all their unnecessary juggling over the sick, or the 'possessed," they maltreat and kill fewer than do our pretending quacks.

But Indian doctors are sadly ignorant of physiology. They only know that a particular remedy is efficacious in certain diseases or injuries. In their opinion all diseases are bilious; and they administer either the emetics or cathartics of their humble pharmacopæia. External wounds or eruptions are speedily cured.

A "medicine-man" is supposed to pos sess some mysterious influence beyond the curative power of the medicine he may compound. The early French explorers used the word "medicine" for doctor, and since then "medicine" has signified thing of a mysterious meaning. But Indian medicine-men are prophets and conarors, who claim to perform wonderful niracles through charms and incantations. A sick Indian imagines that he is afflicted by the spirit of some animal, or, more like-, by the spirit of an enemy; and he sends horse or a blanket for the doctor to com and turn it out. The messenger is stripped to run swiftly, retaining only his "breech cloth" and carrying a bell. Entering the doctor's tepee, he kicks him with his foot, and rings the bell. Then there is a race back to the sick man's lodge. If the doctor overtakes the messenger and kicks him in return, he will keep his fee and stay at home until sent for again.

I had seen the time when, had I been in such circumstances, I should not have thought of sleeping; but I knew that escape was impossible, and that nothing would be done with us that day, and I needed all the strength I could get for the morrow. I was pretty certain what would be our fate, and yet, with death staring me in the face, I was enjoying as quiet a sleep as I had ever known in childhood.

Tansy was confined in a separate lodge. and I had no means of communicating with him. We were kept for several days be fore the council met which was to decide our fate; and, being bound and guarded, my chances for escape were looking rather

In this tribe there were seven councilors,

der its own chief, but for mutual defense, or in other cases of urgent necessity, they unite in one body. They occupy an im-mense extent of country, stretching from beyond the Platte river to south of the Ar-

The fact of Tansy being a Pawnee will account for the sentence passed upon him by our Blackfoot captors. We were to die the next day, and all the Indians of both sexes were on the qui vive for the interest ing occasion.

The momentous time arrived, and my companion was led out to where the long double line of Indians stood waiting in open order, for him to make his run for life. stood at the end of the line, waiting for the word to go, while raised in the air were thousands of clubs, ready to descend upon the back of Tansy as he ran between the

The word was given, and Tansy made two or three jumps, and, suddenly stopping and facing the line, struck the Indian in front of him such a blow in the face as to ay him on his back in the grass; and ing over him, bounded away for the hills, a mile distant. The Indians were completely taken by surprise, but it did not last long and, with a yell of fury, they started in

Tansy was a splendid runner; the only Indian I ever knew that I could not "out wind," and I knew that if he once reached the timber he was safe. In an hour they began to return, and one by one they came until nearly sundown; but two or three continued the pursuit, and during the night they returned.

It was now too late to do any thing with me, and I was returned to the guard-room, and an armed Indian was left to watch me. My supper was brought in, and, after eating I filled my pipe and had a good smoke but, when I lay down and attempted to sleep. I found I had undertaken an impossibility Involuntarily I commenced a retrospec

tion of my past life, and I believe that I then remembered the name of every person and place I had ever seen; and every act of my life, however insignificant, passed before my mind like a living panorama. And so, half-sleeping, half-dreaming, and altogether miserable, the long, wretched night wore away; and, as if in mockery, the sun rose bright and clear in the morn-

I had resolved to bear the torture bravely and not leave the world like a coward, but I was a little fearful of my ability. I had seen Indians roasted at the stake, who had clenched their teeth and died without a murmur; but then, I was not an Indian, and although I was not afraid to die, yet l did not want to be so long about it. Nor was I particularly anxious to "peg out" in such a manner. On the question of dying I always had peculiar ideas. As long as I

Until then I had not thought of the "Manitoula," but I immediately pronounced the "word," and the chief instantly sprung to my side, and cut the thongs which bound me to the stake.

My nerves, strained to the utmost to meet the forture, gave way, and the revulsion of feeling was so great that I fainted, and had not the chief caught me in his arms I should have fallen to the ground.

Never before had I possessed such an ap reciation of the beauties of Freemasonry. For the third time in my eventful career had it saved my life, and changed my most oitter enemies into the warmest and most attached friends

The chief, Bat-te-o-moa, after a moment's consultation with the others, return ed to my side, and taking me by the hand said to the warriors: "The white chief is my brother; he must not die."

No further explanation was made, and the Indians immediately dispersed to the village; somewhat disappointed, I imagined, in being deprived of their anticipated pleasure. The chief returned my clothing, and taking my arm, led me to his own lodge, and bade me make myself at home.

He certainly knew the difference between American and Indian Freemasonry, for in conversation with him the following day he told me that, had I given him the first "sign" in American Freemasonry, it would nave been recognized, and I would have been saved much trouble.

I never could get any satisfactory explanation as to where they obtained this one of our "signs;" but in their instructions to the candidate, in their ceremonie he is told that this is the way in which he is to recognize his white brother.

Tansy must have waited near the village for me, and undoubtedly witnessed the dis comfiture of the Blackfeet, for about a week afterward, a young chief returned to the village with a scalp, which I recognized by the peculiar braid as that of Tausega wamba. Alas, my brother! His death was untimely, but I sent the chief who killed him to be his servant in the spirit-land

I remained some time with the Blackfeet, acting as an interpreter in their intercours with the whites; and nothing would have better pleased the chief than to have kept me with them. I grew tired of Indian life and longed to get away by myself, preferring the solitude of the plains to the scenes of bloodshed and carnage among the In dians. The chief presented me with two good horses, and thoroughly equipped, and with a good trapping outfit, I again started

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

Mr. A. P. Morris' New Serial, entitled, "The Red Scorpion; or, The Beautiful Phantom," will be commenced next week. Look out for it!

BY ST. BLMO.

Oh. little bird, with golden wings,
What brings you to my mountain home,
With voice of melody that rings
In softened cadence 'neath Heaven's dome?
Ah, can it be that future years
Will remedy those ills at last.
That love will snatch from doubts and fears
The gloomy sequel of the past?

Ah, what has caused thy song to cease,
And thy light heart to flutter so?
Poor bird, thy spirit seeks release
From its long canopy of woe;
And here amid these mountains blue,
Free from the haunts of vice and strife,
My eyes do not deceive me, you
Have come to offer up your life.

Fannie's Scheme.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

FANNIE MAYBURY sat in her bedroom, thinking, with two open letters on her lap.

I' was a very pretty bedroom, too, with a light Brussels carpet on the floor, and plenty of soft-cushioned easy-chairs, while in an alcove stood a rosewood bedstead under

a light-blue canopy.

And the face that leaned against the blue cushions of one of the easy-chairs, was not the least pretty ornament in the room. It was an oval face, framed with golden curls, and in it were set a pair of dark-blue eyes, a straight nose, and a mouth which, though childish in its general expression, had a certain look about it at times that would make you think the owner knew enough to look

out for herself. In one of the letters Milroy Montcalm had told her he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

In the other, Robert Walton had told and

asked the same things in old diw the bar Way down in the bottom of her heart was a very tender feeling for Robert Walton, but then, he was poor. If she were only sure that Milroy Montcalm loved her as well as Robert, she believed she would accept him. It would be so much nicer to ive in "Montcalm avenue" than to live in simple Hall street, where all the houses were alike, and no one was better than his

Now, how to find out? This was what she was thinking of, that lonely October day, sitting in that blue-cushioned chair with gleams of sunshine lingering lovingly on her golden hair as if envying its bright-

Suddenly she sprung up, exclaiming:
"I'll do it; yes, I will; I don't care if I am found out. Nell will help me."
In a few moments her wrapper was ex-

changed for a walking-dress, and in a few moments more she was in "Nell's" private room talking busily.

It was the twelfth of October at last, the night on which Mrs. Stanly's private mas-querade-ball was to come off. Ever since the invitations had been issued there had been a marked impatience among the invited for the night to arrive; and no wonder; Mrs. Stanly did give such nice entertain-In the ladies' dressing-room a party of

girls in various costumes stood chatting. One blue-eyed "Morning" observed to a dark-haired "Night" that it was strange Fan Maybury should leave town, just at this precise time. Did 'Night' know the reason of it?"

"Night," (who was Fannie's friend, Nellie Pomp), could not tell her. Perhaps "Fairy" But "Fairy" knew nothing about it, and

nat it was very and a very stupid thing for her, Fannie, to In the gentlemen's room, also, she was the subject "under discussion "I say, Montcalm," said Will Temple,
"where has Miss Fannie gone? I suppose

you know, as you are intimate there, I am

"Yes, I flatter myself I am intimate there somewhat, and I intend to be intimate there 'somewhat more so,'" answered Montealm, giving an extra curl to his exquisitely-light mustache. "As to where she has gone, I am not certain, as the note only said 'away from home a few days;' but I suppose she has gone to see her cousin in N—. They are rather poor people, and she might have been afraid I would run down there to see her, and it might spoil her chances with me. little thing likes me, she does, and I wouldn't object to some of old Maybury's money. So, look out for wedding-cards, boys. The thing is about 'done.'"

Just here a rather diminutive "Page" might have been noticed to stoop to the floor and look for something. Whatever it was, the search was continued during the remainder of the conversation, the "Page" not lifting his head till they went to the

"Done, is it? Well, I congratulate you and pity her," said Will Temple, the first "Done, is it? How about that little affair, last year," said Gerald Howe, indig-

nantly. "Nonsense; only two or three know of it. and she never goes in Lane street," answer-"No; for if she did, and ever saw the

ch A look from Montcalm silenced him. "Well, all I have to say is, if she knew him as well as some of us do, she'd jump into the river sooner than go to the altar with him," said Temple to a young man, both standing near the "Page," whose face was deadly white under its mask

Here the conversation ended, and they descended to the elegant parlors, and the festivities of the ball commenced. All went well till eleven o'clock, when Nell Pomp grew so faint she was obliged to

return home, and the "Page," still masked, accompanied her. Hardly was the carriage door closed than the mask was torn off, and Fanny Maybury was weeping on her friend's shoulder.

"Oh, Nell!" she exclaimed when she was more composed, "what have I escaped?" And then she related the conversation in the dressing-room.

The next day a dainty little note was sent to Milroy Montcalm, the contents of which convinced him that the "little thing" did

not like him as well as he thought. Fanny is now Mrs. Robert Walton, and lives in Hall street, and likes living there very much. She does not think herself any better than her neighbors, but she thinks her house is better than theirs, because of the

six-months old baby-boy in it. And for all her happiness, she has to thank that masquerade ball of Mrs. Stanly's.